

A Cuckquean Tale

Try to
Seduce
Him



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By

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Watching your man take another woman is so painfully pleasurable that it must be experienced to be believed.

~ Author

CHAPTER 1

It was how they met that drove the stake of fear into Shelly's heart. It was how they met that squeezed her soul of its sanity.

She clenched her hands into fists, seeing the kitchen trash.

Her husband, Taylor, came in late every night and stood at the counter next to the sink. He went through his pockets and threw away the phone numbers.

She plucked a few out. Names and phone numbers, written on scraps of fliers. There was a Cheryl, a Roxanne, a Lucia, a Maria... Her hand crumpled them again, letting them drop back into the trash.

She had met Taylor Stone at the Neon Nights dance club. He was a club promoter, bouncing from club to club – a different club every night – to hand out fliers for the posh Downtown Lounge. He met hundreds of people every night. Hundreds of women. Attractive women. It was how they met.

Shelly straightened, glancing towards the bedroom. She didn't have long before she had to leave and he had just gotten into the shower. As an assistant manager at Best Buy, she needed to be punctual to set the proper example for the rest of her team.

I don't have much time. Hurry. She ran to the bedroom, knowing she would need to leave in just a minute or two. Adrenaline coursed in her limbs, causing a violent jitter that threatened her balance. She began to hear buzzing in her ears. Come on, come on, I can do this fast...

She grabbed up his slacks that were draped over the bedroom chair. Stuffing her shaking hands into pockets, she sorted through things typical for her man: nail clippers; pen; small notebook; and his wallet. I need to go. I need to go. I need to go.

She dropped the wallet. Stuffing the clippers back in the pocket, she scooped up the wallet. She tore through it, flipping through licenses, credit cards, cash, and...nothing. She crammed it back into his slacks pocket. She pulled the small

notepad and flipped through it with trembling hands.

She saw nothing but notes on which clubs he would be visiting on which nights and other inconsequential club business. Nothing. Dammit! I have to go. She replaced the notebook and searched his sports coat. Other than fliers, it was clean. She left the house, chased by her potential tardiness at work as much as the fear in her heart that Taylor Stone was too handsome to resist other women.

~ ~ ~

Shelly had met her future husband at the Gold Room one night in September, two years before. He was a dashing-looking man with intense eyes. His confidence was a force that preceded him. She, like so many other women he approached, had fallen silent in expectation. He had started chatting her up and she had found him totally engrossing. Her friend Ecaterina had been impressed, too.

They had gone out to relieve the stress of their respective jobs: Shelly on being promoted to Assistant Manager at Best Buy and Ecaterina from her job on the administrative staff at Verdant Meadows Retirement Home.

Taylor Stone had dominated the area around him. They had seen him coming, circulating, and passing out fliers. His smart sports coat held a bunch of the fliers in an inside pocket.

When he had reached them, Shelly and Ecaterina had fallen silent, watching his arrival. His presence and confidence was that stunning.

She had introduced her friend as Cat, as she liked to be called, and herself. Other than a brief look at Cat, Taylor's eyes had been for Shelly.

He had almost seemed off balance, pausing a few seconds as he considered her. Finally, he had asked if she would like to go out to dinner.

It was just such a start in her wonderful marriage to him that plagued her so mercilessly. Even at work. Especially at work.

Shelly was sifting through schedules for her team when she received a phone chime. She plucked it, safe from prying eyes and checked her texts.

Ecaterina: Hey sister

Shelly: hi

She looked out the door. No one should be coming, but texting on the job was a huge no-no. But when in her private office, she indulged.

Ecaterina: Did you find anything?

Shelly: nope

Ecaterina: Then you have nothing to worry about.

Shelly: lunch?

Ecaterina: Sure, Rosie's again?

Shelly: c u there 1:30

She hated typing so juvenile, but at work she didn't have the luxury of her usual punctuation. She rose from her desk. Time to circulate.

~ ~ ~

Rosie's was a greasy-smelling place that served excellent fried foods. The dark wood décor and dark tan vinyls created a soothing atmosphere – except for the noise. Everyone loved Rosie's.

Cat sat. "Hey."

Shelly waved half-heartedly. "I ordered us onion rings."

"Good."

She watched her friend settle into the chair. She was a dark-haired beauty with exotic features. Her parents had been Romanian immigrants. Shelly sighed. "I don't know what to do; this is eating me up."

Cat shook her head. "He's faithful, get over it."

"How can he be? He meets hundreds of women—"

Her friend gave her a suffering look. "You're blonde, beautiful, and smart. Come on, already. You also have these, which I don't." She indicated her breasts in a quick gesture.

Her friend was telling the truth. Cat had no boobs at all to speak of.

Shelly said, "What if he likes that kind of thing?"

The male server set the plate of onion rings down. His eyes were all over Shelly. His tone was extremely suggestive. "Anything...else I can do for you?"

She waved him off without looking at him. "No, but thanks."

Cat shook her head. She leaned over when he had walked away. "He was giving you the eye."

She scowled. "Yes, I know. I get it all the time at Best Buy."

Her friend leaned back. "Wish I had that kind of magnetism."

"You do."

"Not as much as you."

Shelly fiddled with a too-hot onion ring. "I'm devoted to Taylor."

"And he's devoted to you."

"How can he possibly keep his interest in me when he meets hundreds of women on a work night and has dozens hanging on him? I still see phone numbers thrown away."

Cat gingerly picked up and dropped a ring a few times. "At least he's throwing

them away."

She felt all the exasperation the fear demanded of her. "But what if he doesn't? What if he grows bored? I sometimes wonder if I'm woman enough for him."

Cat laughed, her nose scrunched up in a way most American women didn't laugh – even though she had been born here. "You worry too much."

"I have a right to worry." She flashed her wedding ring.

"Okay, okay."

She bit into the onion ring – it was hot enough to cause her to open her mouth and suck in air. After a few chews, she said, "It's so unnerving to know he's out there on Friday and Saturday nights, plus Wednesdays and Thursdays some weeks along with his odd days. I sit at home and wonder. I can't help it. Who's hanging on him now? Is he getting an eyeful of cleavage? More? Is he getting rubbed? I don't know if I can handle this."

"You ever think of going to the club he's working and watching him?"

"I can't do that; he'd know I was checking on him. Besides, as soon as I saw the first woman rub her boobs on his arm, I'd lose it."

Cat laughed. "No doubt." She bit into her onion ring. "Ow! How can you eat that? This is scalding."

Shelly shook her head. "I don't know; I probably lost eight layers of tongue-skin." She dropped the still-hot ring and leaned on her elbows. "I have to do something, this is eating me up."

"Have some water."

"I meant Taylor, not the onion ring."

Cat laughed. "I know, I was teasing."

Teasing? Hey... Shelly snapped her fingers and put on her happy Best Buy face. "So what are you doing Friday night?"

"Nothing, why, you wanna go out? Thought you swore all that off when you got married?"

"I did. I still am. I don't want to give him an excuse to ditch me for another woman."

"So? You wanna Netflix or something?"

"No, no. How about..." She wriggled in her seat and moved her torso in happy little jerks. "How about you check on him?"

"Me?" Cat looked offended. "He doesn't like me."

"Nonsense, he talks about you all the time."

"Really?"

Shelly's face fell. "Well, not all the time."

"Uh huh."

She waved her hands as if removing mist from a mirror. "Look, let's say you go out Friday to whatever club he's at—"

"How would I know?"

"I'll text you which one."

Her brunette friend did not look impressed.

"Come on, Cat. I'll tell you which one and you go there."

"And watch him?"

"Yes. And you can text me the details."

"I don't know..."

Shelly gripped her friend's hand. "I need this. I really do, or I'll have to get committed and suffer all that tazer shock therapy."

Cat rolled her eyes. "I don't know."

She picked up the half bitten onion ring. "Look at me. Look at me. Does it look like I can hold out any longer?" Her voice had an edge that almost bordered on shrill.

Her friend pursed her lips. "All right, all right. If it will help settle your nerves —"

Shelly squealed, dropping the ring. She leaned over and hugged Cat with a fierce joy. "Oh, thank—"

Both squawked as Shelly's lunge knocked both off balance. She and her friend landed on the floor amidst a deafening sudden silence.

People were staring, slack-jawed.

Shelly got up quickly. "Sorry." She held out her hand, trying to ignore everyone else.

Cat glared, but without anger. "I didn't know you were going to body-tackle me."

She laughed a little. "Sorry."

They sat.

Her friend said, "Friday, huh?"

"I'll check in the morning and text you his Friday location."

"You owe me."

"You're my best friend, Cat. Anything."

And it was over onion rings at Rosie's in just such a beginning that brought a new terror to Shelly.

CHAPTER 2

Shelly looked up at Taylor as he thrust deeply into her. Is he thinking of another woman? Does he see me?

He was smiling down at her, a light of lust in his eyes. "You've got that faraway look on your face again. Thinking of something else? Someone?"

Shelly gasped. "Me? Heavens, no. I was wondering what you were thinking."

"Nothing beyond enjoying my beautiful wife." He slowed his thrusting. "Gets tiring being away from you and being around countless other women who mean nothing."

Shelly felt a surge of panic. Is he saying that to cover something? "You meet so many pretty young women—"

"None so captivating as you."

What does that mean? He meets captivating women but he prefers me? What if he meets an even better captivating woman?

"I love you, Shelly. Don't ever forget that."

No matter what happens? No matter who you meet? Fuck, I'm a mess. She clutched him tenaciously, not wanting to let go.

He chuckled. "I'm always wondering how you handle all the flirting you get at Best Buy."

She shook her head. "It's easy."

Taylor was all confidence. "Is it?" But she could hear the certainty in his words that he knew he had her heart, mind, and soul.

She whispered up at him. "With you as my husband, yes." A tiny thread of

strength twisted one way, and then the other, casting away her doubts, if only for a time.

"You feel so wonderful," he whispered back.

But what if you find someone who feels even better? She wanted to cry, clutching him with more strength than she intended as the doubts returned.

She hadn't always been like this. Confident in who she was, her own brand of courage had been what attracted Taylor. So he had told her. But over the last two years, she had wondered if she had bitten off more than she could chew. Would it have been easier to marry a nerd and be safe? Instead of Mister Don Juan Studly Taylor Stone? Little by little, she had felt her courage drain away.

Only a few weeks had passed since their honeymoon that she had begun to wonder. Am I enough to keep him? Will my strength endure? Or will he tire of it? He was so consuming, so dominant, so alpha-male masculine that she despaired of being the woman he needed.

His love felt passionate. She could feel his heart and soul. But for how long? Would he show his disappointment? His disapproval? Or would he just quietly pick up a mistress and devastate her?

She came on his cock, as desperately as she clung to him. She gasped, convulsing in a hard orgasm, wondering how long it could continue.

What little courage she had left was wilting fast.

~ ~ ~

Shelly texted Cat the next morning.

Shelly: Friday at Bonham's, 6:30 to 8

Shelly: Then Gold Room, 8-10.

She put the notepad back in his pants pocket. The places and times were exactly as he had told her. He always kept her informed as to where he was in case she needed to know. She glanced at the bathroom door where the sounds of the shower running made her worry. Are you thinking of me? Or someone else? Cat, I need your help.

Her phone chimed.

Ecaterina: Got it.

She slipped her phone into her purse and left the house. She used the drive to work to go over her life. The trash had yielded more phone numbers. His pants and jacket free of them. Did he have a hidden stash of numbers? Was he really out promoting the Downtown Lounge all the nights he said he was?

How could he resist so many beautiful young women? Wouldn't he be tempted to try even one or two? And what stopped him? Part of his job was to chat them up and be charming. How far was he going now, compared to two years ago?

Shelly had a coaching session to do, though she wondered if she could suppress her anxiety long enough to accomplish it. It was Thursday morning, and she was already dreading what Cat would find the next day. It was as if a death sentence awaited her and the sands in the hourglass were running too fast.

~ ~ ~

Shelly sat on the couch, hugging her husband's arm as they watched a paranormal show on TV. She didn't want to let go. She couldn't let go. But she knew he would be out the next night, circulating amongst hundreds of beautiful women – smiling, chatting, flirting.

Taylor said, "I like how this team operates. Less historical fluff than the other shows. More evidence."

She was hardly paying attention, though she understood. "They focus on the voice-box a lot."

He said, "I like it." He turned his head to her and kissed the top of her head.
"Wish we could spend more time like this."

She squeezed his arm. "Yeah, I come in, you go out. I wish it was different, too."

"Maybe you could get me a spot in Best Buy."

Shelly laughed. "They don't pay you to stand around and drink."

He grunted. "True. Gets old, though: the constant partying."

Meeting new women every night gets old? Or do you have too many to choose from? Why do I have the feeling you've already met the woman who can catch your eye away from me? A woman's intuition is never wrong.

He hit Mute. "I hate this commercial."

"Me, too. Thank you for muting it."

He stroked her shoulder. "Do you ever wonder what your life might be like if we had never met?"

"I try not to think about it."

"A chance meeting in a crowded nightclub..."

Don't remind me. Or are you talking about some better woman you've met recently?

He said, "Pretty wild how life works."

I don't want to know the wild...

He hit the Mute button again. The show was back.

Shelly enjoyed the time she spent holding him on one of the rare nights they were together. At the same time, she burned with dread at the approach of the next night when his job would take him away and have other women hanging on him with interest.

Each minute that ticked away was one step closer to doom.

CHAPTER 3

Shelly's Friday passed quickly, a blur of meetings, coaching, paperwork, and customer service. Men flirted: she ignored them. She felt their eyes on her as if they sensed her vulnerability over her husband – as if she was a prime target for conquering in her weakened state.

But she stood tall, performed her duties, and found herself driving home after her shift.

She resisted the burning itch to text Cat while driving. Her hands gripped the steering wheel of her Mercedes C Class as if gripping the last lifeline to her husband. Even the comfort of the car offered no soothing relaxation to her tortured soul.

When she parked in the garage of her beachfront home, she spent several minutes staring at the lightless display after she had shut off the car. Tonight's the night. He's already gone, sitting in his office at the Downtown Lounge and going over sales figures. He would be looking for spikes to tell him that certain places he had visited the week before were showing more results.

Or is he talking to some woman from the privacy of his office?

Shelly rubbed her forehead, wishing it was 6:30 already.

She went into the empty house and waited.

~ ~ ~

Ecaterina: Ok, I'm here.

Shelly had snatched up her phone and dropped it when it had chimed.

Shelly: Do you see him?

Ecaterina: Not yet. Buying a drink to look casual.

Shelly: Mick didn't mind you doing this?

Mick was Cat's husband. Shelly had worried about him mucking up the process.

Ecaterina: He's here, too. Watching me.

Shelly: lol

Ecaterina: lmao

Ecaterina: He thought I was making it up about you.

Shelly: Show him my texts.

Ecaterina: I did.

Shelly wondered what was keeping Taylor.

Ecaterina: I see him.

Shelly: Is he alone?

She dreaded the answer.

Ecaterina: Yes, but he's starting to go around.

He would begin introducing himself and talking – eventually pulling out the tiny flip-flier for the Downtown Lounge.

Shelly held up her phone, staring at it and waiting while chewing on the thumbnail of her other hand. She waited a long time.

Cat's name flashed with a new entry.

Ecaterina: He saw me.

Shelly: uh oh

Ecaterina: No, it's all right. We talked for a few minutes.

Shelly: How did you explain your presence?

Ecaterina: I pointed out my husband and said Mick wanted to see how many men tried to pick up on me.

Shelly: No way! Taylor believed that?

Ecaterina: It worked. He even winked at me.

Shelly: Wow, ok.

Ecaterina: He's still circulating.

Shelly: Are any women hanging on him?

Ecaterina: Not really. Probably too early for any of them to be drunk.

Shelly: Oh.

She breathed a sigh of relief. Then she regretted sending Cat to the early location.

Shelly: I should've had you go to the later one.

Ecaterina: I'm not going to another place tonight. Already had to fend off a couple men. Mick would blow a gasket if I hauled him to the Gold Room.

Shelly: Would you be up for it next week?

Ecaterina: Maybe.

Shelly: Please?

Ecaterina: I'll think about it.

She waited for more, but got little.

Ecaterina: Guess I'm done here. He left.

Shelly: With a woman?

Ecaterina: Alone.

A look at the clock told her he was on his way to the Gold Room where they had met. She sagged in the recliner, finding no comfort in what had happened that night. What if he had arranged to meet a woman at the place he met me? Cat won't be there to see it.

~ ~ ~

Shelly felt a little better through the following week. But on Wednesday, Taylor said he needed to go into work.

She hugged him before he left. "I wish you didn't have to go."

"Can't beat the money, honey." He chuckled. "But I wish I didn't, either."

She looked into his intense eyes. "Are you sure?"

He touched her nose with his fingertip, then kissed it. "You have my heart, always. Don't ever forget it."

Until a better woman comes along. How long do I have? She squeezed him tighter in response, then let go.

He smoothed the hair away from her cheek and then turned to go.

She watched him walk out as she had so many times before. How long before it's his final walk?

His car moved away from the house, accelerating smoothly.

She had jotted down his schedule. She knew where he would be tonight. Despairing of Cat's help, she got in her car and drove to his first destination a half hour after his noted time slot. She wasn't going to go inside, but she was going to watch for herself if he left with anyone.

She parked across the street from the parking lot and inserted a couple of quarters into the parking machine for two hours of time.

And she waited.

Who's he talking to? Does she have better breasts than me? Is he checking them out? Is the woman bending over so he can see? It was the nature of his business to be chatty and flirty. He had assured her he never took advantage of the offerings and phone numbers or anything else. He didn't and hadn't before – until he met her. He also had told her chatting up women could sometimes be tricky. He usually scoped out his next flier-target in line for a minute or two to see if they were with a guy. If they were, he approached the guy. If they weren't, then he assumed the woman was safe to approach. Two women together were always safe to approach.

Taylor had never expressed a desire to be with two women at once. While that was comforting, it still didn't erase the fear from Shelly that he might hook up with one of the women he met in pairs.

I'm going to have to check his cell phone... He might be playing it safe by not recording a number on his notepad from a girl he's really interested in.

She wanted to crawl out of her skin and out of the car through the windshield. Just ooze through it...

Taylor came out, walking with all the confidence of a bold man who had just made a million-dollar deal.

He was alone.

Shelly laid her forehead down on the steering wheel and breathed deeply in relief.

But coming out alone didn't mean he didn't meet someone. I have to do something; this suspicion is destroying me. I need a handle on this now. Now! She gently beat her fists twice on her thighs. Now!

She drove home after he left the parking lot on his way to the next club.

~ ~ ~

Shelly sat out on the deck overlooking the beach, cell phone in hand. She wiped away tears. No matter how she tried to reassure herself, the fear was destroying her. She could function at work covering her troubles in her personal life, but for how long? It was hard to motivate other people when she felt no motivation in her own life.

She pressed Cat's number and didn't get voicemail.

"Hey?" Cat's soothing voice came through the speaker.

"Yes, it's me. Is this a bad time?"

"No, not at all. Mick's asleep and I was reading. What's up?"

"Is my call going to wake him? Are you in bed?"

Cat laughed. "I'm in the living room."

"Oh."

"What's up?"

"Oh, you know, same old me. Worried about Taylor."

A sigh from the other end. "You need to get a grip, girl—"

"I know, that's what I keep telling myself."

"When I was watching him, he didn't appear interested in any of the women he talked to."

"What did his face look like?" She needed to know.

"Smiley, chatty. Did his usual wink-thing. You know."

Shelly took a deep breath. His usual. "No interest though, no sudden leaning and intent gazes?"

"Nope."

"Was there a certain type he targeted?"

"Type?"

"Yeah, like huge breasts?"

Cat giggled. "Well, no, and he also talked to me." She had no breasts.

Shelly hummed. "Maybe hair color?"

"I think he didn't care about that..." She trailed off.

"What?"

"Nothing, just trying to remember if there was a pattern of hair color. I wasn't looking for it, so I can't really say."

"No pursuit of blondes, then?"

"Some were...and he talked to me; I'm brunette."

"Well, he knows you, too."

"I'm pretty sure he talked to all hair colors."

She let out a breath. Another avenue blocked. "Cat..."

"Uh oh... I know that tone."

"Please." She begged without asking for what.

"More watching?"

"Yes."

"You realize this impacts my life as well?"

"I know, I know, but I don't know who to turn to. You're the only friend I have that I can trust."

There was silence for a few seconds. Cat said, "Well, I suppose there are worse favors I could do for you, and sitting in a club isn't all that hard."

"Thank you."

"Some of it was actually fun."

Shelly laughed. "With Mick there watching?"

"It was funny to see his face when some guy approached me."

"Was he mad?"

"At first, then he settled down and began to rate the men that approached me. By eight, he was fine and we laughed about some of the guys."

"Do you think he'll allow you to do it again?"

"I don't know. I'll just tell him I'm doing it and let him decide whether he's coming or not. Depends on the night, too, he works twenty four hour shifts every three days."

Shelly nodded into the air. Mick was a fireman. Twenty-four hours on, forty-eight hours off. "I'll give you a ring tomorrow morning when I see his schedule again."

"Okay." There was an air of patient resignation in Cat's voice.

"You'd really be doing me a favor."

"I know, I know."

"Thank you."

"Maybe you can return the favor?"

"How?"

Cat sounded peppy. "I'd love to come over and use your beach..."

Shelly laughed. "Tired of the tanning booths?"

"Yep. Pink, white. Pink, white. Seems like it just isn't working. I need the sun."

While having a natural skin color, her friend was still pale. Shelly said, "Sure. I'll lay out with you. Beats talking on the stupid cell phone."

Cat laughed. She knew Shelly hated the things.

"Hey." Taylor's voice from behind her.

Shelly dropped the phone with a squawk. She scooped it up. "Oh, hi...hang on." She pulled the phone up. "Cat? Taylor's home, gotta go."

"All right. I'll come by tomorrow for some sun."

"Sure thing. Seeya."

Taylor said, "You didn't have to get off the phone."

"Oh...it was over anyway. Cat wanted to start coming over for some sun."

He nodded thoughtfully. He spread his hand outward. "No one else is using it and she's a nice gal."

Shelly got to her feet, coming close. "Do you like my hair?"

He looked confused. "Sure, why?"

Shelly was thinking back to her conversation with Cat. "I was just wondering if maybe you've seen different ways of wearing blonde hair. I mean, all those people you meet..."

He pursed his lips in thought. "I don't know... I don't think much about it."

"You don't see any other blondes that have nicer styles?"

"I think a lot of the hairstyle depends on the face. Frizzy, straight, curly – just depends on the shape of the head, the size of the nose—"

"So mine is fine?"

He laughed. "It's perfect." He took her in his arms.

"How many blondes hung on you tonight that had perfect hair?"

"Uh..." He appeared lost in thought. "I don't know. Why blondes?"

Shelly snuggled to him. "Well, you prefer blondes."

"I do?" He sounded surprised.

She pulled her head back and looked at his face. "Don't you? I mean, I'm blonde and you chose me."

He smiled, tapping her chest beneath her neck. "It's what's in here that matters. As for blondes..." He got a faraway look and then shook his head. "I'm pretty sure you're the first blonde I ever dated."

That shocked her. "Really?"

"Mm hmm."

"What were the others?"

"Pretty sure all of them were brunettes."

Shelly was stunned. I'm the odd one out? He prefers brunettes? Her voice wavered. "Should I dye my hair?"

He leaned his head back and laughed with delight. "I love your hair. But whatever you want to do, I guess. I'd prefer you didn't; I like natural."

Wow...he's a brunette guy. "How come you talked to me at the Gold Room and not Cat?"

He smiled slyly. "I sized you up right away. Saw what I wanted. A strong woman with a hint of vulnerability. Someone I could sweep up without fear you'd find me inadequate."

Shelly burst out laughing. "Inadequate? You? Oh my god..."

"I'm not talking just in bed. I'm talking personality. I knew I needed a strong woman who wanted a strong man."

But did my hint of vulnerability consume my strength? Am I the strong woman you wanted and married? Or have I lost it?

She said nothing before he kissed her.

CHAPTER 4

Shelly tossed and turned slowly all night. She tried not to wake Taylor. She had dreams of hair colors and bold women. She awoke regretting being blonde. She went back to sleep trying to comfort herself that Taylor loved her blonde hair.

In the morning, she showered. Does it matter that all his previous girlfriends were brunette? Did he really target me because of what's inside? And what if he comes across a brunette that shows the same spark inside that I did when we met?

More than ever, she felt her marriage on dangerous ground, and not of her own making. Her husband encountered threats to her marriage every night he went out. It was enough to drive the strongest woman insane with suspicion and jealousy. Only a dead woman wouldn't care.

She came out of the bathroom.

Taylor rolled out of bed and hummed at her happily in passing. The bathroom door shut.

Instead of making her breakfast, she pulled his cell phone from his jacket pocket. She thumbed through his call list.

There were quite a few listings, mostly work-related. His two buddies were listed. Shelly was in there. Several numbers for night clubs. There were also three numbers for women she didn't recognize.

No, wait. That one is his sister... She grabbed a pen and wrote the other two down. She replaced the phone and checked his notepad. She jotted down the four clubs he would be visiting for Friday and Saturday. She went out to drink a cup of coffee.

At home after work, Shelly thumbed through her drawers. She discarded the idea of a bathing suit; it was partly cloudy. She chose shorts and a loose shirt. A little air will be nice.

She answered the door a little after four. "Hey."

Cat smiled. "Hey, sister."

Her friend's greetings always made her feel close.

They walked out back later and laid out towels.

Cat shrugged out of her shirt and shorts to show a one piece suit. She looked up at the patchy clouds. "I don't know..."

Shelly reclined on the towel. "I have new news."

"About?" Her friend settled back to get as much sun as she could. She shaded her eyes and looked down the beach at two men walking.

"About Taylor."

"Oh?"

"I found out he prefers brunettes."

She looked sharply at Shelly. "You're kidding."

"Nope."

"Then why did he talk to you and pretty much ignored me when we all met?"

"He said I had a spark..."

The men were close and Shelly dropped off to continue after they passed.

Cat was smiling at them and waved.

Shelly groaned inwardly as the two came over to them and stood at their feet.

Her friend said, "Nice weather for a walk, isn't it?"

The taller of the two, a brooding-looking blonde, said, "Sights are pretty, too. I'm Jake." He nudged his dark-haired friend. "This is Dallas."

"Dallas," the other one said at the same time.

Her friend smiled brightly. "I'm Cat."

Jake said, "Fun name." His smile was all over the brunette.

Her friend giggled. "Short for Ecaterina."

He appeared delighted. "Russian?"

"Romanian. Parents were anyway. I was born here."

Jake nodded, his conversation with Cat locking the other two out completely.

Shelly glanced at Dallas. The man was staring at her shyly. She started to look down and noticed something eye-catching. He was wearing those loose nylon walking shorts. His man-package was swollen and imprinted on the shorts. Shelly could tell he wasn't wearing underwear and was getting excited looking at her.

Dallas said to her, "How come I've never seen you on the beach before?"

"Oh...uh..." She tried not to look at his growing bulge. On the one hand, it was flattering, on the other, it was obscene in that she was married. "I guess I just don't come out much."

"Live around here?"

She didn't look at the house directly behind her. She carefully avoided it. "Sort of."

Dallas nodded, smiling. "It's nice to see such a beautiful woman out and about. Beats looking at him." He motioned with his head to Jake.

Jake had squatted down, chatting with Cat. "Maybe we'll see each other again. We're renting just up the beach there."

Her friend was all grins. "Perfect."

Jake rose. "Come on, let's leave them to the sun."

Shelly tried to smile at Dallas as she would a customer at Best Buy, but her eyes slipped down to the very Texas-sized imprint of cock in the man's shorts. It looked as big as her husband's.

Cat giggled as they walked away. She whispered, "Did you notice his friend getting hard looking at you? My god, I thought the thing was going to rip his shorts—"

"Shh! I can't believe you were looking."

Cat looked offended. "So were you."

"I couldn't help it—"

"Uh huh."

Shelly laughed a little. "Who walks around sporting an erection in front of women like that? It's indecent."

Cat nudged her. "Oh, come on. It was fun. Aren't you flattered he got hard looking at you?"

"I need my husband to get hard, not him. And you sure flirted with Jake. Why didn't you tell him you were married?"

"He saw my ring; I shouldn't have to say anything. Besides, what harm is there in a little flirting?"

"But you're married."

Cat laughed. "And I'm going to stay married. Mick is a hunk – I'm not giving that up. But a little playful flirting isn't going to hurt anything."

Cascading images of woman after woman flirting with Taylor plagued her. She gripped her friend's arm. "Cat..."

"Hmm?"

"I feel the edge, very close...in my marriage. I'm learning things about him that worry me."

"Like what?"

"That he prefers brunettes."

"Did you offer to dye your hair?"

"He said he loves my hair and prefers natural women."

"Then you better believe him."

"I also..."

"What?"

"He had two numbers of women on his cell. I called them from work today."

"Oh?"

"One was his insurance broker. The other was some sleepy-sounding woman that only told me I had a wrong number."

"Hmm. Still could be innocent."

"But I feel it, in here." She thumped her chest. "Something—"

"Are you sure it just isn't your fear?"

Shelly waited while a jogger bounced by with waving ponytail. After a few seconds, she said, "I can't risk Taylor meeting a brunette."

"That's a tall order considering his line of work. Did you ask him to change jobs?"

"I suggested it."

Her friend tsked. "Not a good move."

"I know...and the money is so good."

"Any ideas?"

"I have one and it involves you."

"Oh no."

"Yes, please." Shelly could hear the desperation in her own voice.

"What is it?"

"I can trust you, right?"

"Of course."

"I want you to go to the places he works."

"Yeah? I was doing that already. What, tomorrow? Peabody's was it?"

"Yes, but..."

Cat gave her a suspicious eyebrow. "What?"

"I can't risk him meeting a brunette. I want you to intercept him if it looks like he's getting chummy."

"Huh? It's his job."

Shelly pursed her lips, eyes darting and looking for answers. "Flirt with him."

"Me? Why?"

"Because I can trust you. You're married. If it looks like he's got an eye on a brunette, you could step in and be the buffer."

"He's going to know you put me up to it."

"Maybe, but I also have to know. If you try to get closer to him, will he accept? I need to know if he's vulnerable."

"Your husband is handsome and it might be fun, but..."

"I have to know, Cat. You can't imagine how eaten up I am inside."

"Have you...ever thought of leaving him?"

The very idea brought tears to Shelly's eyes. "I can't; I love him."

"And you want me to flirt with him?"

She nodded. "I need to know how he handles temptation. I need to know he can resist it."

"I don't see Taylor being weak enough to fall for—"

"I need to know..."

Cat exhaled loudly. "All right, all right." She shook her head. "I'll need to tell Mick somehow."

"Oh, please don't; that would be so embarrassing."

Another sigh and shake of head. "I can try, I guess."

Hope lifted a little in her heart. "Do it if you see him start getting too flirty with a brunette. I'd rather him talk to you and know he's safely diverted from a real hazard."

Cat looked down at her chest. "I'm not really his type—"

"Just try."

CHAPTER 5

Shelly waited at her phone, Friday night. Waiting for Cat to text and fill her in on the details of Taylor's work activities. Was the sleepy-sounding woman a brunette? Am I too late?

Cat didn't text at the time she should have.

Shelly broke the impasse and texted her herself.

Shelly: You there, yet?

A few minutes passed with nothing.

What is happening?

Ecaterina: I'm here. He saw me right away.

Shelly tried to filter through possibilities in her head.

Shelly: What did he say?

Ecaterina: He's circulating right now, but wondered where Mick was.

Shelly: What did you tell him?

Ecaterina: Well, I told him the truth.

Shelly: What???

Ecaterina: He would have seen through any lie anyway.

Shelly: What did you say?

The message icon lit up on her phone. She switched over to the list and saw Taylor's icon flashing. She thumbed into it.

Taylor: You checking up on me?

Shelly trembled. Put on the spot with Cat already telling the truth, she had little choice between lying and telling the truth to him.

Shelly: I love you. I didn't want to interfere so I sent her to make sure no one tears your clothes or something.

Taylor: LoL

She thumbed back to Cat.

Ecaterina: I told him I was there to keep an eye on him for you.

Shelly: Sorry, Taylor texted me.

Ecaterina: Yeah, saw him pull his phone a minute ago.

Shelly: What did he say to you?

Ecaterina: He thought it was funny.

Shelly: He wasn't mad?

Ecaterina: Not that I saw.

She relaxed, blowing out a breath. So he wasn't angered by the move.

Shelly: Good, keep an eye on him.

She thumbed over to Taylor, but he hadn't said anything more. She pestered her friend until the time came for him to change clubs.

Ecaterina: You sure you want me to go to the next club?

Shelly: Go. He already knows you're there for me.

Right? Can't hurt now. Shelly put the phone down and paced. She stepped out onto the deck and listened to the waves. Peace eluded her. Rather, something felt ominously poised.

Voices alerted her. Figures were walking along the beach.

She retreated into the shadows of the sliding glass entry and watched.

It was the two men from the previous day.

So I guess they do live nearby. I wonder if they're gay?

One of the mens' voices drifted up to her. "Aw, no hot chicks tonight."

Laughter from down there.

I'm hot? I field the flirts, but I'm hot? Or was that the one whose eyes were all over Cat? She watched them pass. Her phone chimed.

Snatching it, she thumbed Cat's icon.

Ecaterina: Ok, here.

Shelly felt deflated. She was putting so much expectation into the messages that even Cat's message of arrival had her on edge before she read it.

Cat said nothing for several minutes.

Shelly had to resist thumbing a text.

Ecaterina: lmao, he saw me right away.

Shelly: Is he okay?

Ecaterina: He looked a little perturbed. Told me to keep a distance and let him work. But he didn't seem mad.

Shelly: Keep a close eye on him.

Ecaterina: Sure thing, sis.

Shelly leaned back against the couch, feeling drained. First hurdle passed. Taylor was okay with being watched.

Nothing for a half hour, then her icon flashed.

Taylor: Is something going on?

Shelly's thumb hovered. What do I tell him? The truth? Or the fluffy truth? Let's try fluffy.

Shelly: I love you and want to be with you, but I know it might interfere. So I sent Cat.

He didn't answer.

She switched to Cat.

Shelly: Can you see him right now?

Ecaterina: Yeah, he was texting. Then he frowned and went to get antoher drink.

*Ecaterina: *another. Gosh, feeling my drinks I guess.*

Shelly dismissed the mistype.

Shelly: No brunettes hanging on him?

Ecaterina: Maybe, but not hot. Now the redhead was sizzling. Lol

With trembling fingers, she entered her reply.

Shelly: Did he look interested in her? Why didn't you do something?

Ecaterina: He let her hang for a minute, then handed her a flyer.

Ecaterina: Flier? Fuck, that's my last drink. I swear.

Shelly: Sounds like you're having fun.

Ecaterina: lmao Sitting around drinking and watching Taylor isn't a job, it's a gift.

Shelly waited for more, but there was a long pause.

Ecaterina: Sorry, some guy tried to pick up on me.

Shelly: Is Taylor still there?

Ecaterina: Yeah. He's talking to the dud that tried to get in my pants. Lol

*Ecaterina: *dude*

Shelly: You sound drunk.

Ecaterina: Fucking trashed!

Putting the phone down, she fretted that she had put her friend in danger. Cat would be driving. She thumbed to Taylor.

Shelly: Maybe you should give Cat a lift home when you're done.

He responded quickly.

Taylor: Yeah, was almost done and had already thought I should.

Shelly: Bring her here and I'll drive her to get her car in the morning.

Taylor: Mick?

Shelly: On shift.

Taylor: K. See you soon.

~ ~ ~

Feeling safe now that he had Cat with him, Shelly was able to let the tension drain away.

Taylor came home, Cat leaning unsteadily on his arm.

Her friend was all grins. "Hey, sis."

Taylor said, "Far too much to drink."

Cat giggled.

Shelly took Cat and led her to the guest bedroom. "Couldn't you control yourself?"

Her friend laughed low and throaty but offered no other response.

"Will you be all right?"

"Just need to bathroom...use it." Cat stumbled into the small bathroom attached to the room and shut the door.

Shelly turned on the light and turned down the bed. She laid out one of her own pajama tops that were made for men. Then she closed the door to the room.

Taylor was in the bedroom, already undressed, and was perched on the chair. "Your plan to spy on me didn't work out so well."

Shelly tried to keep her breathing even as her nerves rose up in anxiety. "She normally is good about controlling her drinking."

Her husband seemed to be in a good mood. "She probably is, but she accepted drinks from quite a few guys."

"She did?"

"They were all over her. Thought I'd have to rescue her at one point."

Shelly laughed. "You're kidding; her?"

He smiled, nodding.

"So...you're not mad I was checking up on you?"

He rose from the chair and came to her. His look was cautious. "I had to wonder for a bit if she was there to keep tabs on me so you could be warned if I came home."

"Why would I do that?"

He shrugged. "You meet a lot of men in your work."

Shelly half-coughed. "You meet far more women than I do men."

"Like I said, it crossed my mind."

"I sent her because I want to be there. But I know it would interfere."

He nodded. "It would be...awkward."

"I love you, Taylor; I don't want to lose you."

His hand stroked her hair. "You're never going to lose me." He moved her a little and began undressing her.

She reached down and stroked his boxers.

Within minutes, she was lying back on the bed, legs spread as he licked up her clit. She pressed on her boobs, feeling the tingles radiating and ending in her nipples. They were hard and achy. She muffled her sounds as much as possible with Cat sleeping on the other side of the wall.

When he climbed over her and entered her, she took his sliding length inside smoothly. She cried out involuntarily, tight with tension until she adjusted to his moving shaft.

He chuckled. "Shh."

She tried to hold her breath as his pumping moved waves in her that tickled the tension. She thought she did a good job being quiet at that point.

Taylor, however, had a way about his lovemaking. He grew fiercer as he went, becoming first fervent and then almost harsh. His thrusts into Shelly became harder and more satisfying.

She moaned low, unable to contain them, as waves of emotion and serenity soothed her and sent her mind drifting happily.

He was grunting above her, giving her deep pushes that moved her on the bed. In and out, she was filled and emptied in a fantastic demonstration of desire.

She felt it coming and quieted her moans. She began gasping for breath as the

first convulsion knocked the wind out of her. Grunting almost as harshly as he was, she squirmed and convulsed through her orgasm until she flopped limply on the bed.

CHAPTER 6

Shelly drove Cat back to the club to get her car. "You sure you feel okay?"

"Just woozy."

"You weren't walking too straight last night."

Cat laughed quietly. "Too many guys bought me drinks."

"Does Mick know you were there?"

"Yep. He seems fine with me watching Taylor for you – especially when he's on duty."

"Will he be okay with you doing it when he's off duty?"

Cat looked at her levelly. "Only sometimes."

Shelly groaned with disappointment.

"Hey, I'm sorry, but when he's off and free..."

"I know. I'm sorry."

Her friend yawned.

"Was the guest bed uncomfortable?"

"No, it was fine. I just couldn't sleep until you two stopped making out."

Shelly's eyes went wide. "You...heard?"

Cat nodded. "That was quite a session you two had. And you're worried about him?"

Shelly was blushing, feeling heat at her neck and scalp. "Um, sorry about that..."

"Why? It was entertaining. Made me a little hot."

"Hearing that?" She fluffed out her blouse to get some air in it.

Cat giggled.

"Will you be up for tonight?"

"I don't know..."

"Please?"

"Mick will be off, but he'll likely be crashed, recovering. So, maybe. We'll see."

"I guess I don't want to impose, but if he seems like he'd rather sleep..."

She was nodding. "I'll call and let you know."

"Are you going to tell him about all the guys that were hanging all over you?"

She shot a red-eyed glare at Shelly. "Are you kidding me? Did you tell Taylor about Mister Hunk getting an erection looking at you?"

"What? No. His name was Dallas."

"Whatever. Did you tell him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

They were turning into the club parking lot.

Shelly said, "Because there's no reason to; I wasn't flirting with him or interested."

Her friend was nodding. "And I wasn't interested in any of the men flirting with me. It was just a bit of fun." She got out of the car and leaned on the door. "I'll give you a ring later on. When I figure out what Mick wants to do."

"Okay."

~ ~ ~

Shelly dreaded her phone call from Cat.

Taylor had stood behind her on the deck and ran his fingers through her hair for several minutes before asking, "Why Cat, anyway?"

"Hmm?"

"She seems a poor choice of checking on me. I mean, I know her."

Shelly shook her head. "I thought she was perfect. I can trust her to tell me what I want to know."

He chuckled. "To make sure I'm not horning in on some other woman."

"Right."

"Maybe she wasn't a bad choice. She had a lot of fun. She has that freshness I no longer have."

"Freshness?"

"Yeah, the lure and attraction of being out and having members of the opposite sex all over you."

"You're not attracted to that?"

"It's a job. There's nothing fulfilling there. Shake some hands, chat up a girl, hand out a flier."

"But that's how we met."

"You were special."

Shelly went silent. 'Were?' I'm no longer special?

He said, "I wonder if I can get her to hand out fliers? I'd cut her in on the pay and we could add in a third club."

Shelly laughed, then began to realize it would be perfect. Not only could Cat keep tabs on him, but had a reason to be around him and test him on his resolve. "I think that's a great idea."

"Yeah...but will she?"

He left at four to go check in at Downtown Lounge.

Shelly waited and waited for the call.

When it came, she was already tense.

~ ~ ~

Shelly answered her cell. "Hey."

"Hey, sis."

"So...?"

Cat sighed. "Sure, I'll do it. Mick's in bed trying not to fall asleep. He's pretending to read."

Shelly heard him protesting in the background.

Her friend said, "Which club?"

"Boomtown."

"Ugh, I hate that place."

"Just go. I think he has something to ask you."

"Like what?"

Shelly didn't want to ruin it. Her husband had a better way with people. "I'll let him tell you; it's his idea." She thought her friend would like it being stuck in a nursing home job. But she wasn't sure if Mick would go for it.

Cat said, "All right. Boomtown it is."

~ ~ ~

Ecaterina: Are you kidding me? This'll be great!

Shelly: I thought you might like it.

Ecaterina: Maybe I can quit my day job.

Shelly: Ask him if you should. He thinks it's a dull job.

Ecaterina: Sure looks like he has fun out there.

Shelly frowned. Had he been lying to her? Covering for his real fun and freedom?

Shelly: Cat, remember to flirt with him.

Ecaterina: You sure?

Shelly: Yes! I need to know if he's hiding something.

Ecaterina: I guess I can try. I'm sure he'll shut me down.

Shelly: That's what I'm hoping for. But I need to know.

She sighed raggedly and put the phone in her lap until Cat texted again.

The problem was, she didn't.

~ ~ ~

Shelly lost patience about the time they should've arrived at Dean's Corner. It was a dimly lit dive in an old basement that was on the edgy side of the classier clubs. Stuck between being a dump and a well-traveled establishment, many clubbers came here if their favorite place was too crowded.

She knew Taylor visited it once a month at most, picking up some disaffected clubbers every time he went.

Shelly: You at Dean's?

No answer.

Shelly: Everything all right?

Ecaterina: Yes, sorry. Was with a guy. We're here.

Shelly: What about Taylor?

Ecaterina: Yeah, he's here, too. He drove me.

Shelly: No, I mean, you're busy with some guy? I thought you were going to test him?

Ecaterina: Well, I can't test him the whole time.

Shelly waited, but nothing more came.

CHAPTER 7

Sunday, late morning, Shelly excused herself from Taylor to go lay out on the beach. In reality, she wanted some privacy so she could call Cat.

Her husband said, "I might join you in a while. Sun sounds therapeutic."

"Wild night?"

He laughed as if to say, "Oh, you just don't know..."

She carried her beach towel out and spread it. The waves created a susurrant of serenity that pushed away the doubts. She laid back, eyes closed to the sun and her cell in her hand. With full sunshine today, she wore the smallest two-piece she had. She wanted as much sun exposure as possible.

When her skin began to feel warm, she lifted her phone and called Cat.

She waited for the pick-up. "Hey."

Cat sounded sleepy. "Oh, hey, Shelly."

"Were you asleep?"

"Sort of, but I'm awake now."

"Oh, no. I'm sorry; I didn't mean to wake you guys."

Cat grunted. "No, just me. Mick went for a run. So what's happening?"

"Nothing. Just lying here on the beach. What happened last night?"

Her friend moaned as if ordering her thoughts on where to begin. "It went great."

"What did?"

"The whole night. That Dean's place isn't my normal kind of dive, but wow, the

men in there were like wolves."

"Wolves?"

"Very aggressive. Touching almost immediately. I think I felt at least four very hard cocks against me—"

"Oh my gosh."

Cat giggled. "But, no worries. Three of them gave up when I flashed my ring. The fourth was handled by Taylor."

"They fought?" Panic rose in Shelly.

Cat laughed. "No, not at all. He came over and rescued me by putting his arm around me and kissing my cheek. Acted like he was my husband. The guy gave up real fast at that point."

Shelly relaxed and felt warmth seep through her. "Lucky he was there."

"Oh, I don't know. I was irked at first, but realized he had done the right thing."

"You wanted the guy on you?"

"Rusty, yeah. Got his phone number."

"Cat! You aren't going to use it, are you?"

Her friend laughed. "Um, like no. But it was fun getting it and Rusty looked like a hell of a ride."

"Did Taylor behave himself?"

"With me?" There was a hint of playfulness in her voice followed by a giggle.

Shelly cleared her throat, feeling light-headed. "No, with other women."

"I had to rescue him once. Some tatted floozy in glasses was licking his ear—"

Shelly drew a breath in sharply. "Oh my god...he loves that."

"Does he? I thought he looked amused. I'll have to remember the ear thing with him."

Shelly felt bubbly inside. "Right, I should've told you. Yeah, he really likes that."

"Well, I rescued him. He even thanked me."

Shelly smiled. This is working out great. I sure hope she joins in working with him. "I hope Mick likes the idea of you working as a promoter. It would be the perfect arrangement and I can finally sleep at night."

Cat groaned in revulsion. "Anything to get away from the nursing home."

"That bad?"

"Ugh."

Shelly glanced at movement. The two men from up the beach were standing a few hundred yards up, talking to each other. One split off and went into a house. The other began meandering her way. "Oh gosh, I think one of those men is coming over."

"The beach guys? How fun."

Shelly groaned. "I don't know how you do it."

"I like having fun, is all. It's just talk."

"He's looking at me and coming over. Maybe I should get off the phone."

Cat giggled. "Okay."

"Bye." She put the phone down and also her head, pretending to be unaware. She heard the footsteps finally over the waves. They were coming closer.

Damn. Just go away.

"Hi." A man's voice.

Sighing inwardly, she pried open an eye and looked. It was Dallas. She leaned up on her elbows and squinted at him. "Hi..."

The handsome man squatted down, his loose shorts moving over his package. "Jake and I were wondering if you and your friend wanted to come to a barbecue next Saturday. Interested?"

Shelly was watching him speak. His eyes were all over her barely covered body. She wanted to throw sand in his face. His eyes rested on her breasts, then dropped down to the crotch of her bikini bottoms. If she closed her legs, it would be obvious she knew he was looking. She pretended not to notice, but his eyes were glued. The man is looking at my pussy! The nerve.

She wanted to get up and go into the house, but then the man would know for sure she lived there. She carefully did not turn her head to the house. "Busy next Saturday. Cat picked up a new line of work."

Only then did his eyes come up. He had those deep bedroom eyes that hinted at hours of sexual satisfaction. "What about you?"

She laughed nervously. "I help her out on the phone the whole time."

He looked disappointed. However, his cock had begun to harden as he had squatted there looking at her. It was straining at the edge of his shorts.

She could see a hint of the side of it.

He shifted. "We're going to have maybe thirty people—" Suddenly, the head of his cock popped out past the edge of his shorts. His shaft lengthened in the freedom of the air as the man dropped down onto his knees and tried to stuff it back inside. "Uh, sorry."

Shelly's eyes were locked on his large shaft as he tried to cover it. That's hard for me?

He struggled with it until it was hidden, but it was only concealed. The enormous tent in his shorts was extremely obvious. He laughed nervously, red in the face. "Sorry."

She smiled just as nervously at him. He really was a sharp-looking guy. His dark beard was neatly trimmed and his hair combed back into a very short ponytail.

He said, "Anyway, Jake and I would love to have you two over if you change

your minds." He thumbed back up the beach. "White one with the checkered curtains."

"I'll keep it in mind."

He nodded, knowing he was being dismissed in rejection. "See ya." He left without any further staring.

~ ~ ~

When Shelly was certain she was safe, she picked everything up and scurried to the house.

Taylor was in the living room, moving the couch. He straightened. "I didn't know you had a male friend."

"I don't."

His gaze was straight. "I didn't know you enjoyed looking at another man's cock, either."

Shelly froze in panic. "I don't!"

"You sure didn't move when it flopped out."

She dropped her things on the couch. "I didn't want him knowing for sure where I lived. Why didn't you come out and save me?"

He frowned at her for a moment. "That wasn't you calling him over with your phone?"

Shelly dropped her mouth open. "No, that was Cat. This guy and his buddy introduced themselves a few days ago."

"So he thought he'd come by and show you his cock?"

"No, he wanted to invite me and Cat to a barbecue next Saturday. I said no."

He tilted his head at her, weighing her, then nodded. "Had to ask."

"I was mortified. What am I supposed to do when something like that happens?"

Taylor laughed. "Um, take a picture and send it to all your friends?"

She coughed. "I'm being serious."

He shrugged. "Tell him to go away."

"Well then, next time I will."

He came to her and hugged her. "Sorry, I saw what I saw and it looked mighty damned odd, especially when you just laid there while it was waving at you."

"I didn't want to see it."

He chuckled. "I guess it's no different when some blonde comes up and gives me a full view of her tits."

"Does that happen often?"

He rolled his eyes. "Nearly every night."

"Are they always blonde?"

A serious look of concentration came over his face. "Most, but not all. A lot of brunettes do that, too."

"Redheads?" What had Cat said? Some sizzling redhead had been all over him? But had the redhead flashed her tits?

Taylor shook his head. "Can't remember one that has."

Shelly sat on the couch, shifted in between where it had been and wherever her husband had intended to move it. So blondes flash a lot, but also the brunettes. And he prefers brunettes... I really need to warn Cat to watch for them.

Her husband said, "If that guy is bothering you, I can go talk to him. A few simple words—"

"No, that's okay." She didn't want the trouble.

"Well, if you change your mind..."

She shook her head, resolute. "If he becomes trouble, I'll handle him."

Her husband smiled. "There's the Shelly I know. Just make sure your handling isn't really handling." He made masturbating motions.

She clapped her hand over her mouth.

He laughed.

CHAPTER 8

Shelly settled into a somewhat easier routine. Stress seemed to lessen somewhat, though she still worried her husband might be hiding something. That fear was beginning to recede.

She was sitting with Cat at lunch. "You don't know how great a weight you've lifted from my shoulders."

"Are you going to tackle me again?"

Shelly giggled and looked around. "No."

"You sound a lot better."

"Having you...chaperone him is a huge relief."

Cat bounced in her chair. "And I get to work as a promoter."

Her friend had called with news that Mick supported it. Despite working the odd hours, the schedule would actually free up more time for them to be together when he was off duty.

Shelly leaned close to cover their conversation from other ears. "You're certain you haven't seen any repeat women? Nothing that strikes you as a girlfriend meeting him at certain places—"

Cat was shaking her head. "Believe me, if he has a girlfriend, he's not with her when he's promoting."

Shelly straightened and blew out a breath. I'm back in control. "All right. Good. That still leaves sleepy-voice. I don't know who she is."

Cat frowned. "You think that's his girlfriend?"

Shelly shook her head gently. "I just don't know. He seems to handle all the

women the same?"

Her friend tilted her head to each side in thought. She got a pained look on her face. "I think so? Maybe he lets brunettes hang on him a little more? I think?" Then she nodded.

Shelly straightened further. I bet sleepy-voiced woman is brunette. She sighed. Or I could be totally mistaken. Maybe he doesn't have a girlfriend. Maybe that was an old girlfriend, though he's pretty good at updating info.

Cat said, "I'll still keep an eye on him."

She nodded distractedly. "The only other thing is to check his vulnerability. How does he respond to a brunette flirting with him? It's probably nothing, but the sleepy-voiced woman bothers me."

"So you still want me to flirt?"

"It wouldn't prove anything directly about the sleepy woman, but if he reacted, maybe it would in a roundabout way."

Her friend said, "He probably would be suspicious of anything I do..."

"Yeah, I know. It almost seems pointless. But it's the only other nagging thing on my mind, other than the woman."

"Well, I can give it a shot." She held up her hands.

"Thanks. I guess if he reacts, I'm going the hair-dye route. That leaves the woman."

"You want me to call her?"

Shelly crossed her arms and watched a waiter pass by without really seeing him. "I don't know what that will accomplish. 'Hey, are you Taylor's girlfriend?' "

Cat laughed. "Why not?"

"You can't ask that." The idea horrified her.

"Um, why not? If you got a call from someone before you were married to

Taylor, and they asked that question, what would you do? Go into a rage and hang up?"

"No...I guess not."

Her friend shook her head. "So? I can do it. I'll make the call and ask. What do I care if the woman gets pissy?"

Shelly tilted her head in thought, then emitted a short laugh. "Yeah...why not?"

"Gimme the number."

"I don't have it; I threw it away when the call was inconclusive. I'll have to get it again from his phone."

Cat nodded. "When you do, give it to me and I'll handle it."

She began to relax further, finally feeling as if she were getting a grip on the reins of her life. "Thank you. I don't know what I'd do without you."

~ ~ ~

Shelly texted Cat the phone number Friday morning. She was getting good at going through Taylor's things.

Cat didn't text back right away.

She put her phone in her pocket and considered the business card in her fingers: she had found it in his pants pocket.

Diana Morse, Human Resources.

Shelly carefully slid the card back after copying the phone number. She would hang onto it until the cellular bill showed up. Is it a love interest? Or a headhunter for the company she works for? Is she brunette? Cat had said nothing about Taylor accepting numbers. Maybe she wasn't watching closely enough.

Feeling more empowered than she had in a long time, she left for work. She was on the job, on the trail, and on the hunt. She would determine if Taylor was straying and that would be that.

~ ~ ~

Ecaterina: Ok, got it. Will call in a moment.

Shelly only glanced at the phone – it had to be quick as she was out on the floor and not supposed to be doing anything personal while on the job. She slipped the phone back in her pocket.

She watched young Franklin sorting through misplaced CDs as he restocked. "You're getting faster."

The boy looked up without recognition, then his gaze cleared. "Oh, thanks." He went back to work.

She would have patted him on the shoulder, but touching was strictly forbidden.

She took a deep breath and relished the ease with which it came. Sure, there were still a few lingering doubts, but she felt as if her life was back on track and getting stronger. Maybe I'll write a book about the experience. Thoughts of Cat calling sleepy-woman erased that. I'm not out of the woods, yet.

~ ~ ~

She sat in her chair and pulled over the schedules. She leaned a little, looking out the door. Quickly, she pulled her cell phone.

Ecaterina: Lunch?

Shelly: Sure.

Burning with curiosity, she decided to go over CD inventories instead of messing with the schedules; juggling shifts felt too taxing considering the swell of anticipation she felt.

Three hours later, she slid into the booth at Rosie's. Their normal little center table was taken.

Before the waiter got to her table, she heard a voice that raked claws up her shoulders and neck.

"Hey..." Dallas slid into the seat on the other side of the table. "Nice finding you here."

Shelly stared dumbly. "Uh..." Why does he have to be so handsome?

"Given any thought to tomorrow night?"

She sighed. The barbecue. "Cat and I will be working. In fact, she's due to meet me here any minute."

His quirky smile and twinkling eyes didn't look around for her friend – as if he thought it was an excuse to get rid of him. "I almost didn't recognize you being all dressed."

"Oh, well..." How do I get rid of him?

"I definitely love you in the bikini."

A new waitress came by. "Hello, I'm Sally. Here's your menus—"

Shelly interrupted her. "An order of onion rings, and water, please."

The waitress turned to Dallas. "And for you?"

"He's not with me; I'm waiting for a friend."

Dallas smiled wider. He said to the waitress, "I'm sitting over there. Already been helped."

Sally suppressed a grin and lightly slapped her palm on the table. "Right." She winked at him. Then she turned with a twist and swayed away.

Shelly rolled her eyes. This isn't going good.

Cat said from out of nowhere, "I thought you wanted to meet me for lunch..." She was giving Dallas a suspicious look.

She sighed loudly. "Yes, we are. He just popped up and sat in your seat."

The handsome man was all white-teeth smiley. "Hey there. Jake really wants you to come to the barbecue tomorrow."

"Barbecue?"

He frowned. "She didn't tell you?"

"No—"

Shelly interrupted. "Because we're working. There wasn't a reason to tell her."

Dallas actually looked hurt.

Cat said, "Actually, we are."

"What do you do?"

"I'm working as a club promoter, now."

"That sounds like fun. What club do you work at?"

Shelly put her face into her hand.

Her friend said, "Well, we circulate. Two clubs a night—"

Shelly kicked her foot.

Cat grunted. "And three to four nights a week. Always Friday and Saturday."

Dallas nodded. "So you are busy tomorrow night."

Cat nodded and sounded regretful. "Yeah, sorry."

"So you're working tonight? Which club?"

"The first one is the T-Room—"

Shelly kicked her, hard.

"Ow, stop it. Until eight, then Electro Pulse."

Dallas lifted a sexy eyebrow. "Jake will want to know."

Shelly said, "Great..."

He said, "You're going to be there, too?" His face lit up with immediate interest.

She shook her head.

Cat said, "Sure, tell him I'll be there. Now get out of my seat."

He laughed, but got up. "You two fine ladies have a nice lunch. Shelly, I sure hope to see you again." He winked at her.

Cat sat. "Should we be worrying about you and not Taylor?"

Shelly grunted with disgust. "No. He saw me and sat. I didn't want him to."

"What's this about a barbecue?"

"Nothing. They're having one tomorrow night and wanted us to come. I told him we were working."

"One day is short notice."

"He told me last week. Sunday."

Cat frowned. "How come you didn't tell me?"

"Because we're working."

"I would've liked to have known. Was Jake with him Sunday?"

Shelly blew out a breath. "No, just him. And he flashed me."

Cat's eyes went wide. "Get out."

"He did. His whole thing plopped out."

Her friend covered her mouth. "What did it look like?"

She shook her head. "Long and fat—"

Cat giggled.

Shelly heaved another sigh. "Let's not talk about him. What happened with sleepy-woman?"

"Oh!" Her friend smiled as if she had won a prize. "Nothing to worry about. She's another promoter. Sometimes Taylor and her compare schedules so they don't trample each other's work."

"So...there's nothing there? Are you sure?"

"Yeah, she laughed when I asked if she was his girlfriend. She said she would never date another promoter."

"What if this gets back to Taylor?"

"No, don't worry. I told her to keep it between us. Girl-thing and all that."

"Hmm."

"So, sleepy isn't a threat."

Shelly leaned up to let Sally put the onion rings down.

The waitress said to Cat, "Hello, and anything else for you?"

"Just water, thanks."

Shelly watched Sally depart. Feeling better and in almost total control, she looked back to her friend. Out of her peripheral vision, she saw Dallas at his table grinning at her. She covered that side of her face. "Now all I have to worry about is my hair."

Cat nodded. "Mm, the brunette thing."

"He says he doesn't like hair dye, but if he has a weakness for brunettes..."

"I don't know if you'd look good as a brunette."

"Gee, thanks."

"No, not like that. I mean maybe better with black hair."

She waved her friend off. "We're not there yet. First things first, and in order. We've eliminated everything but two things."

"Two? I thought sleepy and brunettes were the last two things?"

"Sort of. I found a business card. Some gal named Diana. You need to keep an eye out for women who are on his arm more than once. It may be nothing. She was some human resources manager."

Cat nodded. "So maybe a headhunter."

"Yep. Pretty common, so it might be innocent. Anyway, just watch. And give him your best shot at flirting when you can. I know you're working and all—"

"No, it should be pretty easy. He drives me so I can drink a little more."

"Yeah, he said he was."

"So I can try in the car."

Shelly considered that. It would be private, Taylor wouldn't be embarrassed in front of people, and neither would her friend. "Sounds perfect." A comforting warmth spread through her, easing her last bits of stress. For a few seconds, she felt none at all and it made her dizzy. She put her hand to her forehead.

"You okay?"

"Yeah, I've just been under so much pressure with all this. It's been building and building and I've ignored it. But it caught up to me." She grabbed an onion ring and bit into it. "Ow..." She waved her hand to get air in her mouth.

She felt a surge of sensuality inside. The prospect of finding my husband isn't cheating... "Tonight. Let's get all this settled." She was impatient. Cat had been

out with him for a couple weeks, watching, then working.

Cat squeezed her forearm. "Tonight."

CHAPTER 9

Shelly kissed Taylor on the lips. "I love you."

His smile was eerily similar to the one Dallas had given her earlier. "I love you, too."

He left with a wink that also reminded her of the neighbor up the beach.

She turned and went to the kitchen. She took down a glass for water and a wineglass. Preparation. Get everything in order. Be prepared.

She filled the glass from the cooler. She poured herself a full glass of Chardonnay. She took both into the living room and set them on the lampstand next to the recliner. She picked up her cell and checked the battery level.

All is ready.

Sitting, she squirmed in the chair as if a pilot at the controls of a plane. Feeling right, she relaxed – and waited.

~ ~ ~

Ecaterina: This is a fun job.

Shelly: What's happening?

Ecaterina: Jake and Dallas are here.

Shelly rolled her eyes. Great.

Shelly: You're supposed to be working.

No answer.

Shelly picked up her water and drank some. She kept waiting for Cat to respond, but she didn't.

She got up and slid open the glass door. The sound of the waves caressing the beach entered the living room. She sat back down and closed her eyes, trying to relax.

It was an hour later when her cell chimed.

Ecaterina: I am so hot.

Shelly: What?

Ecaterina: Jake was feeling me up. Taylor came and saved me.

Shelly: Tell them to go away.

Ecaterina: Dallas is really disappointed. You could've been felt up, too.

Shelly: I don't want to be felt up.

Ecaterina: Lol

She picked up her wineglass and took a sip.

Shelly: Any Diana? Or anything else weird?

Ecaterina. Don't know about Diana. There's been a few Klingons on him. Lol

She had to expect that.

Shelly: Brunettes?

Ecaterina: Yeo

*Ecaterina: *yep*

Shelly frowned: her friend was getting toasted. She checked the time. They would be getting ready to switch clubs.

Shelly: Try flirting. See what happens.

Ecaterina: Lol ok

She hoped her friend was going to take this seriously.

Twenty minutes and half a glass of wine later, she got an update.

Ecaterina: At Electric

Shelly frowned. Electro Pulse, Cat.

Shelly: Did you try flirting in the car?

Ecaterina: hehe yes

Her heart began to beat faster and she breathed through open lips. The test had been given.

Shelly: Well?

Ecaterina: I licked his ear like you said

Shelly nodded with approval.

Ecaterina: he kissed me

She frowned, wondering what kind of kiss. Was it a top of the head kiss? A nose kiss? A worm of fear began trembling and wriggling inside her center. A mouth kiss? Her fingers trembled as she texted.

Shelly: Kiss where?

No answer.

Come on, Cat. But she knew her friend might be occupied, working. She drained the rest of her wine.

Minutes passed. The sound of the ocean no longer settled her nerves. No, her insides were jangling with anxiety. She got up and poured another glass of wine. Taking a gulp before leaving the kitchen, she topped it off with more.

Her phone chimed.

She scurried back to the chair and grabbed her phone as she was sitting. Wine sloshed onto the lampstand.

Taking several breaths, she tapped Cat's icon with a thumb that was trembling so violently it was as if she was having a seizure.

Ecaterina: sorry. check

*Ecaterina: *cheek*

Shelly exhaled long and hard. Cheek-kiss. Okay. She knew Cat was feeling no pain at all. It took a lot of drink with her to bring on misspelled texts.

Shelly: Try again, on your way home.

Ecaterina: k

She knew she would have to wait, now. But she was in control and had set her plan into motion. The test would be given again. While a cheek kiss in response could mean anything, what would he do when tested again?

~ ~ ~

Taylor came home without Shelly receiving any more texts.

She had made sure everything was cleaned up as if she hadn't been commanding the evening from the recliner.

Her husband had that look in his eyes.

She trembled, knowing she was going to be ravished. What had happened on the ride home? Had she tried again before he dropped her off? How had he responded? She wasn't overly worried about Cat and her husband. It was the result of the test that mattered.

His determination made her wet.

Within minutes of his arrival, he was on her, naked, and thrusting deeply into her.

She gasped, dizzy from the wine, and felt her hips moving to his thrusting. Cat, why didn't you give me an update? The wine and her emotions did several slow turns inside her, as if she were on a plane doing a roll. She wasn't entirely sure she wouldn't throw up.

Taylor was breathing heavily above her in the dim light of the alarm clock.

She searched his face, trying to settle her stomach. Is he looking at me? I can't see his eyes. Is he thinking of Diana? Or is he thinking of Cat's ear lick? Oh god, I hope it's the ear lick...

The sick feeling in her stomach and in the connecting tendons of her body didn't go away. But his thrusting produced an extreme wetness in her pussy. She pulled on his shoulders, wanting him and only him.

He panted dramatically above her, filled with desperation. "You're so beautiful..."

Me? Or some brunette? Diana? The twisting pain in her gut grew and then erupted like a geyser. Pulses of sexual sensations wobbled through her, as if dizzy like she felt from the wine. She wanted to cry, to laugh, and to throw up. Her hips dripped with tension – the good kind – as she came down from her orgasm.

Was it me he was thinking of? She looked up at him, wondering.

He groaned in his way, shoving deep.

Tears filled her eyes as his spurts of hotness flooded her insides. Tears of happiness, longing, and wanting. But lingering there was the question.

~ ~ ~

Saturday proved little better. Cat didn't text in the morning.

She finished her lunch. "So..."

Taylor looked refreshed and energized. "Hmm?"

"How did it go last night?"

"Great. The Electro Pulse was hopping."

She nodded, not knowing how to phrase her question. "Any interesting women?"

He was shaking his head. "Same old thing."

Shelly frowned, picking up her plate to put it in the dishwasher. Does that mean he didn't meet any new ones? Does that mean he doesn't consider Cat's ear lick interesting? Did she even try when he was driving her home? Or is he hiding something?

He put his away, too. "I think Cat had way too much to drink last night."

"Oh?"

He was shaking his head. "She's a lively one at the clubs, though. She somehow passes out almost as many fliers as I do. I don't know how she does it with the guys all over her." He sounded impressed.

"She drinks too much?"

He chuckled. "Yeah, she gets a little flirty." He glanced at her quickly, searching her reaction.

Shelly wiped the counter and dried it, wondering what he was thinking. Does he think she's not being serious? Or does he suspect it's a test? Cat will have to try harder; this ploy was too easy. "Yeah, she texted me about Jake being there."

"His hand was up her skirt."

She stopped, eyes large. "Really?"

He made a face and nodded. "She sort of clung to me, too."

"I hope she didn't ruin your work."

"No, no." His tone was dismissive. "She's all right. It's just that she's married. She seems kind of shameless."

"She's just having fun. But I'm glad you're there if she gets in over her head."

He laughed. "Wasn't she supposed to be watching me?"

She turned, regaining her composure. Leaning against the counter, she said as innocently as she could, "Who's Diana?"

He looked confused. "Who?"

"Diana, Human Resources—"

"Oh..."

"I found a business card on the floor. Probably slipped from your pocket. I put it back for you."

He was nodding. "Can't remember what she looks like, but she was impressed by my confidence. Thought I'd be a great addition to their sales team pushing semi-conductors." He rolled his eyes. "Can you imagine?"

Relief flooded her from the tip of her head down to her knees – where they almost gave out.

He sighed. "Need to go in and run over the attendance sheets with Jerry. Then plan out next month's schedule."

"Ok."

"Let Cat know she needs to drive herself." He leaned in and gave her a kiss. "See you late tonight after work."

Not wanting him to leave, but relieved when he did, she texted Cat.

Shelly: Where are you?

She didn't have to wait long.

Ecaterina: Sorry, got up late.

Ecaterina: Wild night.

Shelly: What happened?

Ecaterina: Drank too much.

Shelly: What happened on the drive home?

Ecaterina: Oh, LoL. Yeah...

Ecaterina: He kissed me.

Shelly: Again?

Ecaterina: No, not on the cheek.

Shelly's heart began to beat harder.

Ecaterina: Full mouth kiss.

Shelly: Calling.

She thumbed out and tapped Cat's number.

"Hey there, sis."

Shelly was trembling. "So there was a kiss?"

Cat laughed low. "Um, yeah."

"On the lips?"

"No, like in the mouth. Wet tongue and everything. Dropped me off all wet. I had to attack Mick."

Shelly was stunned, numbed, and feeling dumb. "I don't get it... He went from a cheek kiss to a mouth kiss?"

"Yep. It was a hot one. Or at least I thought so."

Shelly felt too dizzy to stand. She sank to the couch, thinking. Did he have too much to drink? Did he kiss her to stop her? Did he enjoy it? Pain clutched at her heart. Her stomach seized up. An aggravating twist squirmed in the hollow of her pussy.

Cat said, "You there?"

"Yes... I'm just wondering if it was real or if he did it to put you off or something."

"I don't know."

"He came home last night and we...made love."

Cat giggled. "So we both had a great night."

Shelly didn't share her friend's levity. "I don't know, I'm confused now."

"Anything I can do?"

Is a kiss innocent? Is a kiss something he'd give a friend? Was he just taking advantage of her drunkenness to kiss her? Or was he drunk enough to lose control and have what Cat called 'a little fun?' Would it go farther? "I don't know, Cat, maybe. Did you think the kiss was serious?"

"I don't know, but it was fun."

A swirl of pride in her husband mixed with the sick feeling of uncertainty wound up inside her. "I need to know..."

"Know what?"

"Would he fall? Would he cheat?"

Cat sounded doubtful. "I don't see it."

"But he kissed you." She felt as if she had just woken up and was groggy. Her thoughts didn't want to flow very fast.

"He had a bit to drink, too. Not as much as me—"

"Did he ever look like he was going to kiss anyone else last night?"

"Mm, not that I can recall."

Shelly blew out a breath. Lurking behind her, as if a ghost, was the fear she had thought was gone. No, I can't fall to this again. I need to stand strong. She got up from the couch to symbolize her determination. "I can't go on like this."

"I know." Her friend sounded subdued.

"I need to know and I need to know now. I can't string myself along worrying and wondering." She straightened her back and shoulders. "I need to take action."

"You're sounding like the old Shelly again."

She nodded, feeling a reserve of strength flow into her. "I need you to do something."

"Hm?"

"Either he's vulnerable or he puts a stop to you. It's that easy. Push him, Cat. Try to seduce him."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. If he's the man I want, he'll reject you."

"And if he...doesn't?"

"Then..." Despair poked her from behind. "Then I'll have to cross that bridge when I get to it. But I can't live like this anymore. I'm losing myself."

"I'll try." Her tone was of a sports player promising.

Shelly wondered about that. Was that good or bad? Probably good because she'll need to be convincing. "You'll have to be convincing."

"I know. Just don't ever mention any of this to Mick."

"Sure. Oh...Taylor said you need to drive yourself tonight."

Cat sighed. "Yeah, okay. Look, I need to go. Mick starts his shift in a couple hours and I was hoping to spend a little time with him."

With a frail effort, Shelly said, "I'd wish you luck, but I really hope you fail."

Cat laughed. "Gee, thanks."

CHAPTER 10

Shelly was in her command chair again, like a captain on her bridge or a queen on her throne. Her cell was strategically placed and ready. Her wine glass was filled and water waited on the lampstand.

She heard men walking the beach outside, talking, and knew it would be Jake and Dallas. They were probably hunting for her and Cat to come to their barbecue.

Too bad, gentlemen, but I have work to do.

She sat well past the time Cat might have checked in.

Shelly: You there? You working?

Many minutes passed.

Ecaterina: Hi, yes. Super busy here tonight.

She sighed. I guess they have to earn their money.

Several minutes later, her phone chimed.

Ecaterina: Trying to outdo Taylor on fliers.

She sighed again.

Shelly: Don't forget to try...

Ecaterina: I won't.

Shelly sat, waiting and getting nothing.

She heard distant laughter – very distant and it tickled her ears. Jake's party...

Ecaterina: Wow, busy club. Leaving soon, will try.

Shelly: Thanks.

An hour passed. She fidgeted with the phone, checking its battery level. She got up and went to the bathroom. After that, she poured herself another glass of wine. They should be at the other place by now, working.

Still nothing.

It was almost nine when Taylor's icon flashed.

Taylor: Cat's had a bit too much again. Going to bring her home and you can drive her to her car tomorrow.

Shelly: Ok.

She felt let down. Cat had failed her.

But a half hour later, Cat's icon flashed.

Ecaterina: hehe going to try again when we leave

Ecaterina: already put moves on him

Ecaterina: wink wink

Shelly felt surprised. Not too trashed to forget trying...

Shelly: Remember his ear.

Nothing.

~ ~ ~

Ten thirty came and went. Shelly wondered what was keeping them. She walked around the house on legs wiry with nerves and anxiety.

It was almost a quarter to eleven when she heard the shutting of car doors. She

heard Cat giggling. She heard her husband mumbling something and chuckling.

They're home. So he rejected her.

Taylor came in, holding the door for a wobbly Cat. His eyes found Shelly's and he had a very small grin on his face. "Hey, love."

Shelly wasn't sure what to feel yet. She would need to talk to Cat about the details of her attempt. "Hi. Fun night?"

He paused, looking at her intently.

She could tell he had also drunk a bit much. Not out of control, but he wasn't exactly steady.

Cat leaned against the wall and rested her head back.

Taylor came to Shelly and brushed her hair off her cheek with tender fingers. "Fun?" His eyes were smoky. He looked back to Cat and stood there looking at her friend.

Shelly tried to make sense of what was going unsaid.

Cat was looking back at him, her head leaned back, and her mouth opened slightly. Her chest began to rise and fall a little higher and a little deeper, as if she was trying to get her breath.

Taylor turned, facing Cat, tension in his stance.

Shelly came up beside him. "Is something wrong?"

His hand came up as if to hold her back.

She looked down at it and noticed something that beat a huge hollow hole in her gut.

His pants were bulging out in front, and growing.

She looked up.

His eyes were locked on Cat's and they held the intensity of a predator. He took a

step towards her friend, his trousers tenting dramatically.

Shelly began to quake, trembling through every inch of herself as if to shake herself apart. "Taylor—"

His hand rose again. He looked back at her and raised the hand farther, touching her cheek lovingly. His eyes softened. But he said, "Shh."

Cat's eyes were large and she was licking her lips, half convulsing against the wall as if she had cramps – fidgeting with something welling within her that Shelly couldn't place.

Taylor took two steps, closing the distance to her friend. He gripped her shoulders and yanked her roughly off the wall.

Shelly could hear him panting. She could hear Cat gasp and then whimper ever so slightly. Shelly shivered. A cascade of minty dread fell from her head down to her feet. Her mouth was open, unable to articulate anything about what was happening in front of her.

Her husband commanded the room with a palpable air of power.

Cat's hands came up, gripping his chest through his shirt. Her mouth dropped open farther, in shock or surprise, Shelly didn't know.

Taylor turned slightly to look at her. "I'm going to get her to bed."

Shelly felt a wash of desperation tingling up her neck, as if doom and danger were breathing down her back. "I can do it—"

Her husband's command was sharp. "No." His eyes softened again, though. "Go wait for me in the bedroom."

Shelly looked at him helplessly. His face looked feverish. His pants were showing a full erection. And he held onto Cat while she ran her hands over his shirt.

Her friend glanced at her once, quickly, and then looked away and down.

Shelly opened her mouth to protest – to stop whatever it was that was about to

happen.

Taylor shook his head. "Go wait in the bedroom." He turned back to Cat. Then he moved her, turning her and walking her down the hall. He guided her into the guest bedroom.

Shelly twisted her fingers together as fast as her insides twisted in on themselves. She knew if she moved, her knees would give out.

Her husband disappeared into the guest bedroom. Then he shut the door.

The sound of the door clicking into place sharpened her focus. What is going on? Is he going to put her to bed and kiss her? Why did he have an erection? Although her focus brought back a little strength to her knees, a violent trembling began vibrating her limbs. Then it passed, leaving her still. Then it started again.

She moved to the guest bedroom door as if to pass it. She paused, hearing nothing. She took a step towards the bedroom door, wanting to do what her husband asked as if doing so would make everything okay. As if to wait for him would mean that nothing was happening behind that closed door.

She stopped her steps halfway between the guest bedroom and the master bedroom.

Still, no sounds came from the room.

What are they doing in there? Is he kissing her? Or is he undressing her? The vibration in her started again, and she hugged herself to try to keep still.

Still nothing.

She stepped carefully back to the guest bedroom door, her knees wobbling and her heart thudding loudly in her ears. She felt like she was going to pass out, but the grinding curiosity in her and the need to know drove her on.

She placed a hand against the frame and listened. She tried to hold her breath.

She heard a movement, but then nothing. She couldn't tell what had moved.

Shelly put her ear carefully to the door. A close and dense pressure was heard and felt in her ear. She heard something...wet.

They're kissing? Her breathing accelerated like her Mercedes when the gas pedal was floored. She began panting, trying to contain and control it, but failing.

There were some other noises she couldn't make out. Then she heard Cat gasp.

That meant her mouth is free. But what's making her gasp?

Someone was breathing heavily, behind the door. There was some shuffling.

Shelly squeezed her eyes shut. The hollow and aching gut feeling spread. Is he really in there kissing Cat? She lifted her hand slowly, fingers spread, and touched the door while she listened.

Pain spread in her center, constricting her chest.

Cat gasped again – something like a vocalized sigh and definitely sexually aroused.

Shelly felt her heart squeeze and pain radiate outward as if pulled. Her nipples hardened and ached.

There was a flurry of shuffling, then silence.

She panted slower, wondering if he was going to come out now. Should I get to the bedroom? Would he be mad if I wasn't in there?

Cat mumbled in surprise and the bed squeaked heavily as she did.

Did he just throw her on the bed? Shelly's breathing accelerated again, and spots swam before her eyes. Heat flushed through her, wetting her scalp and forehead and back – pushing down and causing extreme heat inside her body.

Her friend exclaimed something low and unintelligible.

Her husband's voice was a murmur, but commanding. Then silence.

Shelly's fingers turned into a claw on the door. She turned her face to the frame

and pressed her lips against it, feeling the cool of the wood against the burning heat of her lips.

Cat gasped loudly.

The bed squeaked for a second.

Then her friend began an exhaling gasping – a second interval between each gasp. The mattress began creaking again. Slowly, her husband's pants became noticeable, timed with Cat's explosive exhales.

Shelly sank down the frame, her knees no longer able to hold her. She hit her knees. She knelt there, listening to Cat become louder. The twisting in her was so terrible and demanding, that she almost convulsed. The pain inside moved down lower. Her pussy convulsed on nothing and her clit began to ache as badly as her nipples.

She heard her husband begin grunting, the squeaks from the mattress and Cat's moaning exhales keeping time with his sounds.

Cat groaned out suddenly, overcome with something or as if she had finally let go. She whimpered something to him and he grunted louder. In response, her moans turned to soft cries filled with all the pleasure and hunger Shelly felt when Taylor made love to her.

Shelly's heart squeezed again and so did her pussy. The ache was unbearable and before she could understand all that was happening, her fingers were rubbing at her shorts. She tried to drive away the gnawing ache in her clit but it wasn't working.

Feverishly – desperately – she undid her shorts and reached in. her fingers found her clit and pushed down hard over it, creating a suffusion of tension and also a building need deep inside. She began rubbing, tears rimming her eyes, as an insane lust overtook her.

She heard words.

"...understand me?"

Cat responded weakly.

"It's mine."

Her friend said submissively, "Okay..."

Her husband began grunting harder and faster. "Your pussy is mine. You're going to get fucked right here after work."

"But Mick—"

Several angry grunts stopped her words and left her gasping.

His words were lower and Shelly had to strain to hear them. "You're going to make time, understand?"

"Yes."

Shelly almost moaned out loud as a huge wave of emotion swept through her. She crammed fingers up into her hole and worked them, trying to please the insistent tension that demanded immediate action.

"Your pussy belongs to me. Mick will have to share."

Cat gasped. "Okay, okay..."

More grunting, gasping and mattress squeaking.

Shelly drove her fingers as far as she could, spreading her pussy lips open and trying to reach the ache that tortured her.

Cat's voice sounded on the verge of tears. "What...about Shelly?"

All sounds ceased except for Cat's panting.

Shelly pressed her ear harder.

Taylor said, "She's my wife. Don't ever forget it."

Cat cried out suddenly as if surprised and then the sounds began anew, harsher. Her cries turned louder and then became guttural and quieter, muffled, turning into fierce grunts at the end.

Her friend had just had an orgasm.

Shelly listened to her husband approaching climax. She knew his sounds. Tears began rolling down her face as she furiously worked her fingers in and out of her pussy. An amazing ache was building in her, drawing inward and tightening. She fucked her pussy with her hand harder. Faster – furious at it for hurting and needing so bad.

The noises behind the door left no doubt as to what was happening.

Her mouth dropped open, the long and high wave of tension within her drawing shockingly near.

Behind the door, Taylor growled and groaned in that so very familiar way.

Jolts of shock tore through Shelly. My husband is cumming. Inside her. Her own orgasm rose up high, threatening to take her into unconsciousness.

He was done, panting behind the door. "You come here after work, understand? Then you can go home."

Shelly heard Cat crying, but it didn't sound sad.

Her friend said with a snuffle and with a whimpering determination to obey, "Okay..."

There was a lot of shuffling, then Taylor's voice. "Go to sleep. I'm going to my wife now."

CHAPTER 11

Shelly got up in a jerk of adrenaline. She teetered on the edge of orgasm and could barely breathe. She was strung tight and quivering with unreleased tension. She ran for the master bedroom.

She got out of her shorts and blouse fast.

He came in as she was climbing into bed. He looked at her intently, standing naked with his clothes over his arm. His cock was engorged, but hanging semi-flaccid.

They shared a look for a few seconds.

He set his clothes on the chair and climbed into bed. Reaching up, he switched off the light.

Shelly's entire body trembled. She rolled to face him and gingerly reached out a hand. His chest was hot and damp. His scent was mixed strongly with Cat's, creating a dizzying dance in her head that tugged at the tension within her.

She was panting, trying to stay still. She brushed her fingers across his skin as if to sweep away what had happened. "You..."

"Shh."

She didn't want to be quiet. She wanted to work through this right now – settle her head and understand. Her hand slid down, gripping his cock. It was damp and she knew it was his sperm and Cat's juices. Her words were a quivering whisper. "You fucked...her."

"She deserved it."

"But...why?"

He shifted towards her, his cock hardening. "You pushed her to it, didn't you?"

All the flirting?"

Shelly's heart beat so rapidly that her skin vibrated from it. Her sexual tension inside remained strung tightly. She didn't answer, but her hand convulsively squeezed his shaft.

His whisper was angry. "You tested me. Why? I've been faithful to you—"

Her sob stopped him. Her hand squeezed again.

He was almost hard again. "Did you tell her about my ear?"

His words drove stakes deep into her, pinning her to the bed and causing a churning roil in her pussy. She gasped involuntarily.

He moved suddenly, reaching. His fingers found her panties. "You're soaked." It was an accusation.

Shelly tried to speak, but her attempt came out in a whimpering mumble.

He moved, getting up onto his knees in bed. He tossed the covers back, exposing her in the dim light of the clock.

She felt the cool air against her very hot skin, and trembled.

He said, "I've never loved anyone but you and you do this to me? Where was the trust?" His hand grabbed the hem of her panties and yanked.

Ripping at the seams, Shelly's panties were yanked down. Her aggravatingly hot pussy hit the air and she gasped. The tension in her hit new highs, winding tighter than she thought she could contain.

His hand jabbed into her pussy in an abrupt invasion. "Totally wet. Were you listening at the door?" His fingers moved in and out.

Shelly clenched her jaw and squeezed her eyes shut as his finger movements energized her tension with a constant flow of terrorizing tingles. They got stronger with each push, causing vibrations in her that threatened a total loss of consciousness.

She knew his fingers were going to bring screams. The orgasm that hovered over her like twelve tons of rock with all the menace of imminent disaster was not going to be held back. If he didn't stop, she was going to shatter like glass.

Her husband leaned over her, working her pussy. "You liked it, didn't you?"

No, no, never!

"You liked what you heard."

No!

His voice dropped to a whisper. "You became wet listening to me fuck Cat into a stupor."

Alarming convulsions like electrical shocks shot outward along her arms and legs. The orgasm was coming. No!

His hand was withdrawn, leaving her pussy aching for immediate relief. She teetered on a razor's edge, fighting for balance as a limitless drop beckoned her.

She whimpered with a tension she had never known.

He got between her quivering legs.

She screamed as his thrust blew away what little was holding back the enormous wall of tension. She arched her back as the orgasm surged through her body, pushing tension from her center out painfully along her limbs. Her toes curled with the tension as the first wave receded. But another was immediately behind it.

Her husband drove himself into her, grunting angrily.

She cried out again, just a second after the first, as the second surge of release overtook her. She clawed his back, her legs lifted and shaking out of control.

Taylor heaved above her, driving her passion to exhaustion with his pounding manhood. "You set me up and found you liked it, did you?"

Her eyelids were fluttering and her arms dropped nerveless as the succeeding

waves came faster and easier. Pulses shot through her body in pleasurable gushes. Her pussy clamped repeatedly on his shaft. Her hips moved with him, fucking him back but not of her own control. She turned her head to the side and let the tears come out – her shame at the truth of his words showing her something she had never dared consider.

Her husband fucked her mercilessly. He gripped her chin and turned her head. His mouth came down on hers, his tongue invading like a SWAT team and taking control.

She felt detached, her body responding to him even if she wanted to deny it. What happened? How did I get turned on by it?

He leaned up, looking down at her. "Are you going to listen again when she comes over?"

Shelly gasped as a post-orgasmic convulsion rippled through her. Her voice quavered, breathy. "You're going to do her again?" She wanted to cry, but something in her was desperate to hear him say yes. She fought it, trying to find sense in this strange development, but no matter how she resisted, she knew she wanted to hear him say yes.

He kept fucking her, but didn't immediately answer. His panting was a little different, lighter, as if he was thinking. Then he said, "Yes."

Shelly wanted to pass out. The gut-feeling in her turned and twisted, but was nothing compared to the newer sensation of lust and desire. The inside of her pussy crawled with a demand for more. She sighed raggedly and a moan escaped her that she hadn't wanted to let out.

Taylor drove into her, giving her pussy a reaming from which it would take days to recover.

She fought harder, trying to submerge the strange desire. She gasped in a frightened tremble of fear. "You...want her? Instead of me?"

He stopped. "What?"

The fear and sadness finally won out. "You don't want me anymore?"

He gave a savage thrust that tore a moan from her. His whisper was harsh with lust. "I want you more than ever."

"But—"

"I love everything about you, Shelly. Always have." His pumping became faster. "Fucking fantastic..."

She gasped under him, feeling her insides twisting and churning to his words. Her shoulders relaxed, even if the tension was persistent in her core.

He groaned above her, almost painfully, as he came again for the second time in an hour. His hotness spurted deep into her in that comfortingly familiar way.

She felt the tension inside recede and fade. Her mind didn't know which way to go, but her body found satisfaction.

He settled down onto her, pinning her to the bed under him. His heat he had shared with Cat now covered her, giving her tense body the security it demanded.

~ ~ ~

Shelly didn't sleep; she couldn't. As her husband eventually began to breathe deeper against her, she found her mind running from one thought to the next.

He loves me? He's with me now, but he was with her? My friend? Is this the end? But he wants me more than ever? How am I going to face Cat? What do I say?

Morning brought dread. The change was irrevocable.

Shelly felt like an interloper in her own home. She got out of bed while Taylor slept and used the bathroom. Parched from a sleepless night, she went to the kitchen past the guest bedroom.

She ran into an invisible brick wall with all the suddenness of a camera flash.

Cat was in the kitchen.

They looked at each other in horror for a brief second, then both were looking down and around at anything but each other.

Neither said anything.

There was a clank as Cat set her glass down on the formica counter and bolted past Shelly.

Shelly was startled and her eyes popped out, wondering if Cat was attacking her. But her friend ran into the guest bedroom and shut the door.

She stood there, confused. Cat was acting just like she was: scared, confused. What's going on? She didn't act like she owns the house now.

Curious, she got her own water and sipped. What happened last night?

She went to the guest bedroom and paused. She leaned towards it and listened.

Inside, she heard Cat sniffing. Crying.

With a very tentative hand, she tapped on the door with her fingernail – not wanting to awaken Taylor.

The sniffing stopped. Silence.

A new tremble in her hand - driven by her curiosity - Shelly opened the door and went in.

CHAPTER 12

Shelly saw Cat hunched over, sitting on the bed. Her friend's face came up out of her hands with a look of pure horror at seeing her in the door.

Eyes wide and frightened, Cat's lower lip trembled.

Shelly quietly eased the door shut. She stood there for a second, indecisive. She moved quickly, before she could think about reasons against it, and sat on the bed next to her friend.

Cat's eyes got larger, then desperate. "Um, hi." She sniffed and wiped her nose.

"I know what happened."

Tears welled in the brunette's eyes. "It..." Her voice broke, then recovered. "It w-w-was rape."

Shelly shook her head. "It wasn't."

Cat buried her face in her hands. "I'm sorry."

She wanted to touch her, but held her hand back. "What happened last night?"

Her friend laughed bitterly. "You said you already know—"

"I mean before you got here?" She was tired and the only thing coloring her curiosity was weariness. She had no fight left in her; only the need to know.

Her friend wiped at her nose and eyes. "I flirted. You told me to."

"I know."

"I did everything. I licked his ear. I touched his pants."

Shelly's insides twisted up hearing it, but a heat pushed down her pussy and

reflected back off her panties. "Was he coming on to you?"

Cat shook her head. "No, he pretty much ignored me, but then when we got in the car to come home it was like he snapped. He was kissing me."

Shelly pursed her lips. So I failed. He failed.

Her friend whispered, "I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault."

"It is. I could've stopped him, but I didn't want to."

"I doubt you could've stopped him."

Cat held out her hands. "I felt so powerless. My body responded to everything he said and did."

Shelly said quietly, "Mine does that, too."

Her friend half-laughed and half-cried, shaking her head. "Then I heard him in there last night with you."

She scrubbed at her face. "I couldn't seem to resist him."

"What happens now?"

Shelly shrugged. "He professed his undying love for me. I don't know."

The door opened and Taylor leaned in. "I'll tell you what happens: you both get showered and then you drive Cat home."

Shelly stood, then wavered with uncertainty. "What about—"

Taylor's face hardened. "Not now. Get her home. I want to spend my Sunday with you."

"But those things you said—"

"I meant them. All of them."

Cat said, "All...of them?" Her eyes were large with question.

His face began to look annoyed. "Did I stutter? All of them. Now get yourselves together." He leaned back out and shut the door.

Shelly looked at Cat, wide-eyed.

Her friend looked back at her with exactly the same expression.

Suddenly, both attempted to contain a small burst of nervous laughter. But it died quickly – very quickly.

Cat said, "We need to talk."

"I know. But maybe we better get going."

"We can talk in the car?"

Shelly firmed her lips and nodded. I don't know what we're going to solve...

~ ~ ~

And they couldn't: nothing was solved. The entire ride was filled with questions to which there were no answers.

Shelly was at a loss. Something new had happened that she had no experience on which to draw.

Parked at the curb next to Mick and Cat's home, Shelly shook her head. "What about Mick?"

Her friend was shaking her head. "Oh god, no. He can't know about any of this."

"You can keep it a secret?"

"I better..."

"What about Taylor's..." Shelly left it unsaid. They both knew it referred to Taylor's proclamation that Cat's pussy belonged to him after work nights.

Cat shrugged.

Shelly rubbed at her eyes. "I just don't know what to think. Or what to do."

"Maybe it was all just the alcohol talking in him. Go home and find out. Maybe he doesn't even remember—"

Shelly shook her head. "I don't think that's it at all."

"What are you going to do? This is well beyond coloring your hair."

"He told me he loved me, but... How can he? Do you really intend to come to our place after work and...?"

Cat's eyes went wide and she opened and closed her mouth a few times. She said nothing.

Shelly dropped her shoulders in consternation. "You can't be serious."

"He told you to go to the bedroom and wait, and you did."

"Actually, I listened at the door. I heard everything."

Cat blushed so fiercely that Shelly thought she'd burst. Her friend slowly shook her head. "I..."

Shelly interrupted her quietly, "I was strangely captivated. I couldn't move. It was like a car-wreck with bodies. You don't want to look but you can't help it. I listened to every bit of it because I couldn't help it."

Cat shook her head even faster. "How can you even sit here in the car with me?"

"I don't think you... understand. I was turned on."

Her friend reacted as if slapped. "You?"

"I was crushed, but, yes, also turned on."

Cat faced forward. "Wow."

"I can't explain it. And then when he came into the bedroom, I couldn't keep my hands off him. It's like I wanted to claw him to keep him close and mine, symbolically, maybe, I don't know. But then suddenly we were having sex and it was explosive."

"I heard. I didn't know what to think. First sex with me? And then you? I had thought you must not have heard us."

"No, I did."

"How could you let him—"

Shelly shook her head. "I didn't have that kind of control. It was happening and I couldn't stop it. I didn't want to stop it."

Cat looked at her, nodding. "That's what I felt. I hadn't intended to seduce him, just try. Promise."

She sighed. "I think we tried to manipulate him without either of us thinking he could react in his own way outside our control. It's not like he doesn't have his own thoughts and feelings. He didn't flirt with you prior to you trying to seduce him?"

"Not at all, except for the two kisses. But even I thought those were just friendly play kind of thing. Nothing serious."

"This isn't what I expected at all."

Cat said, "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Go home? Get him to talk to me? Try to make sense of this?"

"Should I stop working with him?"

Shelly liked that idea, a lot. "Yes..." But she hesitated.

Her friend said, "But what?"

"The thing is already done... I don't think that will stop him."

"So should I stop?"

"No. Yes. I don't know. Let me talk to him."

"All right."

"We have a few days before he works again..."

"I hope things get worked out."

Shelly looked at her sharply. "How would things get worked out? Really the only question is our marriage. What's there to work out if you keep working with him and he fucks you every worknight?"

Cat looked too afraid to answer.

She frowned at her friend. "Would you let him bring you back to our place? And go on as if nothing else mattered? What about your marriage to Mick?"

Her friend looked away. "I guess I have a lot to think about."

Shelly watched her get out of the car.

Cate leaned back in. "Bye...and good luck at home. I mean it."

CHAPTER 13

Shelly walked inside and looked around. The sliding glass door was open and voices entered from right at the deck.

"...understand?" Her husband's voice.

"Sure thing, sure thing. I don't want to cause problems." It was Dallas.

Shelly hurried to the wall next to the door and listened.

"I don't mind you or your friend talking to her, but she's my wife. Get too comfy with her and you're going to face me. As long as we have that clear."

"Absolutely."

"Tell your friend Cat is married, too. Big burly fireman. I'm sure he wouldn't appreciate anything more than chatting."

"Nah, Jake's cool..." But Dallas didn't sound so certain of what he was saying. "I'll make sure he knows."

"Good, nice to meet ya." Taylor's voice left no doubt that he wasn't pleased at their meeting. His footsteps came resolutely near. He entered through the open door and spotted Shelly. "I took care of your friend."

"He's not my friend."

"Whatever."

"He isn't."

Taylor crossed his arms and scrutinized her. "All right, whatever he thinks he is then. Disappointed?"

"No!" The fervent tone in her voice softened his stance.

He nodded. "I doubt he'll bug you again with anything more than casual talk."

"Thank you."

His eyes narrowed. "Have an interesting talk with Cat?"

There it hung.

Shelly felt the welling worry bubbling up inside of her. "Should I pack and leave?"

Anger touched his features. "Why?"

"Because...because you want to be with Cat?" Tears rimmed her eyes.

He took the one step closer to her that put her in reach. He gripped her shoulders. "You're my wife."

"But you want her—"

"I want you. I've always wanted you."

"But you want her."

"I want you. Understand it."

Shelly shook her head. "But you...had her last night—"

His anger was there, anxious and antagonizing. "You set me up. You had no trust in me. You searched my pockets, my phone—"

"What?"

"Did you think I wouldn't notice?"

"But—"

"No buts. You didn't trust me. So you had your friend all over me."

"So now you want her."

He shook her with each word. "I. Want. You."

Shelly was trembling. "Did you...did y-you mean what y-you said last night?"

"When I said what?"

"About Cat coming here..."

"Yes."

"But—"

His anger flared. "You threw her at me. Pushed her. You even told her to lick my ear. What were you expecting?"

"You would r-reject her."

"Like I've rejected all other women before, amply demonstrated over and over —"

The tears rolled; she couldn't stop them. He was right, she had abused his devotion. She hadn't trusted him like he had trusted her. "B-ut Cat..."

He sighed deeply, calm returning to his voice. "Cat is beautiful, like you. I guess if I have to have another woman like you think I am, then it's going to be her."

"You really want her? Like that?"

He leaned close, his breath hot on Shelly's skin. "She's a good fuck, just like I thought she'd be."

Shelly shivered, pain flaring through the numbness and spreading heat to her nipples and pussy. She gasped and trembled.

His eyes were sharp, catching the reaction. His whisper was barely more audible than the distant waves outside. "It turns you on, doesn't it?"

She blinked rapidly, not wanting to admit that she was feeling a curious lust – as if to admit it would shame her. Such a loss of control at who she thought she was scared her.

His hand came up, touching her shorts. "You're burning up." His fingers rubbed.

She trembled more violently, gasping again.

He smiled. "Does it turn you on thinking about her under me?"

Shelly moaned without control. Her eyes were squeezed shut and brow furrowed. The tears were drying, cold on her eyelashes.

Taylor pushed her against the wall and grabbed at her shorts.

She panicked. "No!"

He jerked at the button, undoing them. He pushed them down and they slid beneath her knees to the floor.

"No!" She was afraid of what he'd find. She knew what he was going to find. Afraid he'd know it, and then she'd know it. There would be no denying.

He was unstoppable. His fingers yanked down her panties, hard. The seam ripped – the second pair ruined in a day. His fingers probed her with accusation, just like they had the previous night.

She couldn't deny that she had become hot and wet a second time. The second time proved the first was not a fluke. It wasn't too much wine.

He nodded. "So, wet again, just like last night."

She whimpered, feeling the driving turmoil in her resolving into a heat she couldn't escape. Her hips began undulating, working her pussy on his fingers.

Taylor grinned. "You really did like hearing me fuck her, didn't you?"

Shelly moaned in despair at the revelation. Her hips worked harder.

He fucked her with his fingers. "You like knowing I'm going to fuck her again, don't you?"

She cried out, riding up a swelling sensation of need and desire.

He pulled her away from the wall and pushed her to the bedroom.

She stumbled out of her shorts tangling her feet and ran.

He followed her into the bedroom.

She didn't know where to go, running from herself, or this new self she didn't recognize.

He grabbed her and pushed her down onto the bed. He stripped his clothes off, cock already hard and pointing. He stroked his shaft, looking at her. "I fucked her with this last night, and it felt very good."

Her eyes rolled up into her head and she convulsed, falling backwards. The explosion of an orgasm without any kind of stimulation rocked her on the bed with concussions of emotion that went far beyond pleasure.

He pulled her to the edge and pushed her thighs apart.

She panted dramatically, trying to get air. "Why do you want me, now?"

His thrust filled her.

She groaned at him and clawed, wanting all of him.

"Because you're my wife and I love you." He thrust hard, driving home his words with his cock. "Don't forget it again. Ever."

Shelly drifted high on currents of need that left no doubt that something had fundamentally changed within her. She clung to him with desperation. Her pussy moved and clamped on the same cock that had pleased her friend and she knew she would accept it. She knew she would do anything to stay and keep him. And she knew she would love it.

CHAPTER 14

Shelly lay in bed next to Taylor, idly scratching his chest. "What are you thinking?"

"About all of this?" He was lying back, hands behind his head.

She nodded.

"How it's unlike anything I ever expected out of you. I would never have cheated on you—"

"But I had to know."

He shrugged. "You didn't trust me; that hurt. When you threw Cat at me, I was at wit's end. Fed up with the suspicion. I thought about how maybe it was the end. A failed marriage going nowhere but into ruin."

She shook her head. "I never wanted that."

"But that's where you drove me. It was endless."

"I'm sorry."

"With Cat, I guess I'd had enough. I was going to give you what you wanted and just let everything break apart. I saw no other way out."

"You wanted out of the marriage?" Alarm spread through her.

"No, not the marriage. The suspicion. The lack of trust."

"You did her out of revenge?"

"It started that way, but then I realized I wanted it. I realized I wanted to throw her on the bed and fuck her brains out. That it would be good."

Shelly was quiet, hearing something that she had feared but now found strangely alluring. "And now you don't want to leave me?"

He shifted, turning to her. "I need to know that you want me."

"I always have."

"And now that your mistrust produced this? If I do have Cat come over, you're still going to want me?"

She patted his chest, trying to tamp down the feelings that were inside her. "I never wanted to lose you."

"Then I suppose you won't. I'll be the husband that comes home every night, just like I always have."

The words stung her, making her realize how foolish she had been. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be. What happened, happened. Maybe it should have been this way all along."

"What do you mean?"

Taylor looked thoughtful. "If you thought I had to have someone, who better than Cat? Who better than someone you trust?"

Shelly felt the dawning certainty of his words inside her. They rang true like a church bell being struck by a sledgehammer. "You think...I've always been like this?" She asked him as much as herself.

He said, "Do you get hot at the idea that Cat is going to feel my cock in her pussy, Wednesday?"

Her eyes watered and she looked up, gasping with the flush of lust that wormed through her middle.

He smiled. "Maybe I should invite her and Mick over for a little sun. I can drag her off to the bedroom—"

Shelly moaned, clamping her thighs. Her clit tingled and ached.

"Do you want me to invite them over?"

Vestiges of her old self wanted to say no. But growling in her was a need that couldn't be denied. She hissed, "Do it."

~ ~ ~

Tuesday was hot and clear, with only a single puffy cloud in the sky to contrast the striking blue background.

Shelly answered the door to Mick and Cat.

Her friend looked meekly at her under her eyelashes, searching for confirmation that this wasn't a ruse to blow things up.

Mick came in, giving Shelly a hug.

She accepted it, patting him on the shoulder.

Cat stood uncertain and gave a very brief hug. "Hi."

Shelly squeezed her shoulders, not knowing what to say. Part of her felt loss. The rest of her was heating up quite rapidly.

Taylor and Mick shook hands and talked about drinks.

Shelly hung back with Cat and watched the two men. Her friend stood next to her, watching as well. That gave Shelly a sense of connection – as if they both shared the awkward uncertainty of the changes in their lives.

They went outside and into the sun.

She felt as if the light should bleach away what was being planned, laying bare the festering interior of desires and cleansing them all of this strange sickness.

Shelly felt it in her gut – that sickness. At the same time, her pussy was overheating. How is this going to work?

They had their plan, but plans seemed so fragile in the light of day. Maybe we should've done this at night. Like what happens tomorrow night. Her pussy clenched. The idea her husband would bring Cat home and they would be intimate clawed at her insides with need and gnawing desire.

They laid out in the sun, the men talking about work and soaking in the sun.

Cat nudged her and pointed. "Don't look now..."

Jake and Dallas were huddled up the beach, talking. Dallas gesticulated a few times and then Jake began walking towards them. His friend hurried after him to catch up.

Cat said, "I don't want to talk to them."

Mick said, "They creepers?"

"No, just flirts. I'm not in the mood."

"I'll handle them."

Taylor said, "I've already talked to one of them. They shouldn't be trouble." He shot a look to Cat and Shelly and lifted his eyebrows quickly.

Shelly knew that was his signal.

Cat nodded in surprise, taking this to be a good excuse to slip up to the house. She got up and said, "Ugh, need to use the bathroom, back in a bit."

Shelly knew she wanted to experience what was going to happen. "Maybe I'll mix some fresh drinks and avoid those two for now."

Taylor got up. "I'll come help. I want to talk to you anyway about them." He looked down at Mick. "Watch our things, would you?"

"Sure."

Shelly let her husband take her hand and lead her up to the house. She looked back as Jake and Dallas neared. They angled for Mick and Dallas shot her a wave.

Inside, Taylor turned and watched the three men strike up a conversation outside. Then he turned with a single look at Shelly and headed for the master bedroom.

Cat was sitting on the bed. Her eyes were large. "My husband is outside?"

Shelly nodded. "Talking to Dallas and Jake."

Taylor was stripping off his shorts. "Get out of your bikini."

Her friend's eyes got larger, but she did so, immediately.

Shelly felt a pang of embarrassment at seeing her friend naked. She felt a wave of satisfaction at seeing her husband naked.

Cat's mouth dropped open, looking down at his cock.

Taylor grinned. "No time for that." He grabbed her legs and pulled her into position.

Shelly's knees wobbled. She sat heavily into the chair, eyes glued to her husband and friend. She watched him stroke his shaft until it was fully hard. His hand was shaking and he was looking at her friend's pussy.

A flash of fire ripped up from her pussy, pushing heat up her chest, neck, and head. She began panting, squirming on the chair as she watched her husband prepare his cock for Cat. It was so familiar, that it seemed natural.

He leaned down over her and began rubbing the head of his cock all over her friend's pussy.

Cat gasped, still wide-eyed. She looked back and forth between him and Shelly, trying to anticipate what might happen.

Taylor lowered himself, and his rigid shaft began to disappear.

Shelly's breath caught and she couldn't breathe. She was watching the act that she had so long dreaded. She was watching her husband push his manhood into some other woman. That it was Cat eased the shock. That it wasn't her tightened the screws around her heart, causing a longing pain of loss and sadness. But even more was the immediate flush of heat and wetness in her pussy.

Why does this hurt but at the same time drive me wild?

Her husband's hips met Cat's, then he kissed her.

Shelly was ready to crawl out of her skin and up the wall. Her pussy was aching and on fire. Her clit throbbed with need. She couldn't stop her hand from reaching to her bikini. She had to do something to relieve the pressure now. Pulling aside her bikini bottoms, she began fingering.

Her husband's butt rose and fell, and Cat moaned underneath him.

Shelly stuffed fingers up her pussy, trying to claw away the maddening itch of lust. Tears were in her eyes, knowing she had given some of her place to Cat. But overriding her sense of loss was a fulfillment that permeated her entire being.

Shelly understood. Taylor was attracted to Cat through her own actions in pushing her friend on him. Now he wanted her and he was going to get her. She urged him on in her mind, wanting him to stuff his cock into her friend's pussy. She wanted it, relished it, and needed more. She wanted to see him finding satisfaction with Cat, to see him thrusting on her and listen to his moans of pleasure. It gnawed at her pussy with a need she couldn't deny.

Taylor was fucking her quickly, knowing he didn't have much time. He was looking down into Cat's eyes, both of them panting at each other. He looked over, though, and locked eyes on Shelly.

They shared a look that was neither accusatory or angry.

He smiled something satisfied and looked back to Cat. He began thrusting faster.

Shelly fingered in time with him. Yes, do it. Take her. Fuck her. Do it. Do it harder. Cum in her. Enjoy her, my love. Enjoy her for both of us. She willed him on, cramming her fingers deep up inside her pussy. She pulled out and rubbed furiously at her clit, feeling the winding and spreading sensations twirling around her insides. Her hips came up off the chair as she diddled. Her pants came heavy and straining.

Cat was watching her, mouth open, head moving to Taylor's thrusting. Her eyes were glazing over and her skin was flushing, becoming excited watching Shelly.

Suddenly, Cat heaved, convulsing in her coughing gasps that signaled her orgasm, far more intense than Shelly had heard Saturday. Her eyes floated lazily in ecstasy, though they kept coming back to Shelly's fingers on her pussy.

Taylor was groaning, gasping. "Oh yeah..." he whispered. He plunged deep and his back muscles stood out.

Shelly gasped, the tension rising in her like a rocket. She watched her husband's balls clench. She listened to his grunting. She watched his butt squeeze rhythmically as he shot his cum deep into Cat.

Watching her husband created a thin, high quavering in her that shook her shallow breathing. Mouth dropped open, eyes lidded with lust, Shelly found a surging sense of satisfaction in what was happening right before her eyes.

Taylor pulled out, his engorged erection dipping and beginning to soften. His sperm wet Cat's pussy, leaking out in a teasing trickle that captivated Shelly's gaze.

She knew she would want more. She knew Cat now shared a place with her and her husband. She knew Taylor would be all over her later, and the conglomeration of realizations brought her a warmth deep inside.

"Babe?" Mick's voice drifted from the living room.

There was a mad scramble of swimwear.

Shelly took control. "Taylor, go into the bathroom. Cat, come with me."

Husband secured, she led Cat out.

Mick was standing, looking back towards the deck. "Oh, hey. That guy Jake wanted to say hi."

Cat rolled her eyes, but she was smiling.

Mick didn't notice the flush of her skin.

Shelly said, "We're all done in here. I guess we can go out and say something."

Mick led the way.

With a sigh of relief and hoping her husband remembered the drinks, Shelly escorted her friend outside.

CHAPTER 15

Shelly waited impatiently as Taylor led Cat inside Wednesday night. "It's about time." She squirmed with need.

Her husband winked at her.

Cat was happy, a little drunk, but still curious enough to ask. "You're sure you're okay with this?"

Shelly nodded with hesitation. "I think so. I've been hot all day..."

Her husband grasped Cat's hand.

Shelly gasped at the contact, feeling a surge inside her. Yes, take command. Take her to the bedroom.

And he did.

She followed, smelling his cologne and her perfume on the air. It created a heady dizziness in her that produced a churning feeling in her pussy.

Her husband stripped Cat out of her clothing. Then he stripped himself. Standing naked, they looked at each other with a trembling need that was barely contained. Shelly bit her lip to keep from moaning.

Taylor's cock began firming.

Shelly stood with him and grasped it, stroking his hardening shaft. Her voice shook. "Let me get it ready for you."

He let her stroke him, his eyes roaming all over Cat's body. His hunger for her friend made her wet. Extremely wet. Her other hand began pressing at the crotch of her shorts.

Her husband said, "All right." He held up a hand to make her stop. He moved to

Cat and they kissed – slow at first, then with desperation.

Shelly gasped, sliding off her shorts. Her fingers began kneading her pussy and clit.

Taylor sat on the bed and laid back. "Get on."

Cat looked over at Shelly.

She nodded at her friend. "Please." Please get on my husband. Please fuck him. Please help him cum.

Her friend climbed on, raising up and then settling down onto Taylor's stiff erection.

Shelly watched Cat's pussy slide down her husband's shaft, spread open and taking it all.

Her friend settled all the way down and groaned in satisfaction.

Pride pounded through Shelly, making her smile and sigh with lust.

They began moving, fucking.

Seeing it now had none of the previous fear effects on Shelly like before. It looked good and comfortable. It looked fun and sexy.

Cat went with it, moving faster. She rose and fell in little squats, driving her pussy up and down his shaft.

Shelly gazed longingly at her husband's hands on her scrawny butt. His wedding ring gleamed with strength and certainty on her friend's ass. She fingered her pussy faster. This is right. This is so right...

Cat's movements became frenzied. She rose too high and he slipped out.

In a rush, Shelly was up and then kneeling at the edge of the bed, grabbing his cock. Her friend rose up and she started to place her husband's cock back at her friend's hole, but then pulled. She angled it and lowered her mouth over it, taking him deep and savoring the new flavors of his flesh and her friend's juices.

Cat giggled when she twisted enough to see what was going on. "Kinky."

Taylor groaned loudly, taken by surprise. His cock swelled in Shelly's mouth.

She slurped its length, feeling his soft skin and the rigidity of his excitement. She bobbed her head, fucking her husband's cock with her mouth. Then she pulled off and angled it back to Cat's pussy.

Her friend felt it and began to settle down.

Shelly hung on, gripping the base until her friend's pussy touched her hand. Then she withdrew as Cat settled all the way back down. It was fantastic, and so very intimate that Shelly wanted to cry.

EPILOGUE

Shelly Stone embraced her other person. The conflict in her had produced something she feared and was forced to face. In facing that fear, some remnant of her strength formed within her the acceptance of her husband's relationship with her friend.

Becoming a cuckquean had been easier than she might have imagined if she had been told beforehand she would develop the kink. No, in fact, her inhibitions were such that she would have denied any such capacity to become something she so greatly feared.

But in becoming, her strength forced her to change. She did not fear it now, though pangs of loss greeted her every time her husband drove his cock deep into Cat. But that was part of the allure.

Disaster, however, was not long in coming.

Mick discovered the odd relationship not two months after it began.

Cat went home with Taylor every Friday and Saturday, and most Wednesdays and Thursdays when they worked. He fucked her in their bed while his wife watched. Later, he would make love to his wife.

Shelly became comfortable. Taylor took his pleasure. Perhaps Cat became too comfortable and it showed: the truth came out.

Mick was unable to handle it and kicked her out.

Shelly grieved for her friend but Cat assured her that if it was meant to be, then Mick would have welcomed it all. That he didn't meant he couldn't handle who she had become. Not that the divorce was an easy thing on her.

Taylor immediately offered a home to Cat.

At first, Cat was adamantly against intruding.

It took Shelly much pleading to invite her to live with them. But she knew that she wanted her friend – the one who made her husband's cock so hard – to be with them. It was her controlling habits that demanded her friend move in. To know that the woman her husband fucked was in the next room was something so sensual to Shelly that she would have it no other way.

She knew Taylor needed the extra opportunity provided by Cat. She knew her husband's exploding sex drive was perfectly handled by the two friends.

Her fear died a quiet death, unknown and unmourned. Her husband went to work now, watched by Cat and warded against straying. Shelly felt more secure than at any time after their marriage, and she had Cat to thank.

Her sexual satisfaction reached depths she never knew she had. Sucking on her husband as he pulled out of Cat was something she treasured. Her friend tried that too, when Taylor was with Shelly, and the act became a feature of their lovemaking.

Shelly loved watching Cat suck his cock after pulling out of her. It seemed proper and right, just as when she did it when her husband was with Cat. It wasn't as easy as adding another person. Shelly might have imagined a threesome being easier, if she might have previously not wanted it.

This was something wholly different than anything she expected. It wasn't just an addition. It was a multiplication of complexity. It was an exploration for the three of them, learning new things, what pleased who, and considering extra feelings. The exploration was exciting and intimate, giving each of them an enriching experience and new outlook on life.

The best of times was here, and it was all just beginning.

Thank you for reading Try to Seduce Him, I hope you enjoyed it. All reviews are greatly appreciated.

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